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woodwind

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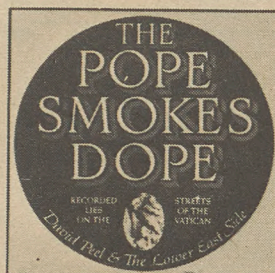
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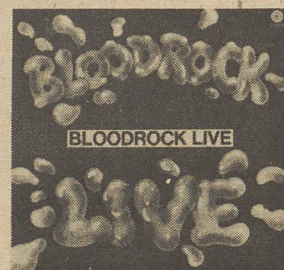
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WOODWIND PUBLISHING COMPANY

WOODWIND is a community oriented arts paper and in being so, one of our primary objectives is to publish new local artists and writers. If you have work to offer for publication please mail it in or give us a call. We are particularly interested in fiction and short features. If you wish to have your work returned, please send a self-addressed, stamped envelope.

Your comments and criticisms about WOODWIND are welcome—we are eager to share your thoughts with our readers.

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MOBILE FILM UNIT

A repainted post office truck arrives in a D.C. neighborhood — maybe yours. Several people hop out and begin setting up a movie screen. There has been no previous word about any movies being shown outdoors. Indeed, movies never have been shown right out here in the streets where everybody can see them for free. Soon a crowd gathers and, as it becomes dark, the crew from the truck begins showing some 35mm slides. Almost everyone in the neighborhood is gathered in front of the screen as a series of 8mm movies begins.

This midsummer night's fantasy will become reality if the newly-formed Art and Architecture Council obtains funding for its film projects. The Art and Architecture Council is a new D.C. arts coalition formed to make better use of the arts funds available in the city and to seek funds for new projects which it feels necessary to a healthy artistic climate in the city.

Through its Film Presentation Project, the Council would present two to three hours of films in parks and neighborhoods in the D.C. area. The most concentrated effort will be made in housing areas where little community summer activity is planned. Most of the films shown will be unavailable on television or in local theaters. The accent will be on naturalist, animated and public information films.

In conjunction with this project, a film workshop is also planned to provide some of the films to be shown. This project would involve equipping a workshop for filming, editing, and showing of Super 8 film. Tim Kelley, spokesman for the Council, says that rather than shackling participants with preconceptions about the subject matter of the films, the staff of the workshop will act more as guides to help participants explore their own possibilities by passing on their understanding of film-making equipment and techniques.

In addition, a 35mm slide workshop is also planned. The amount of money needed to finance the film presentations and workshop is estimated to be approximately \$30,000.

Among the other proposed projects of the Council are:

- * Unique environmental pop sculpture such as Yuri Schweblrier's Washington Monument Sundial and a rainbow of stripes such as the one painted in front of the Philadelphia Art Museum.

- * Artist-in-Residence Educational Programs carried out in cooperation with the D.C. Public Schools. Such programs would provide part-time employment for artists.

- * Information, resource and referral services which would help artists locate hard-to-find materials, the best-cost break, funding resources, etc. A similar project would be a studio spaces referral service.

- * Restoration Architectural Services which would provide for the restoration of the city's older and finer buildings. The first building slated for such restoration would be the Old Post Office.

- * Environmental Team Construction Project which would train carpenters, masons, plumbers, electricians and home designers, particularly those from minority groups who have a difficult time qualifying for skilled trade union membership.

Other planned projects include exhibition programs, mobile theatre and dance troupes, a community communications center, an audio products workshop, interior design workshops, a puppet workshop, and transport and mechanism workshop.

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION, contact Tim Kelly at the Arts and Architecture Council, 1255 K Street, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20005.



FICTION

by Richard Cooper

POSSUM

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1.

Possum mounted Frothing Foal and galloped in slow motion through a traffic light, pausing to hook his leg around the pommel; bent almost double, finger touching lower lip, watched ants circle in day old hoofprints. He was back tracking and late; cactus and purple mountains disappeared; a banana just before closing.

After traveling days in this desert dotted with nightclubs and coffee diners, he reined in on the Fourth Floor Hotel and slept.

During the night he was called on by an angel named Simmons with black hair to her belt loops; born 20/40 by a calico stream. She spoke left-handed verse which disturbed Possum, but he would say nothing, wanting her instead of lemon meringues and outer space.

His love of her faint and violet body wandered in her eyes; traced in sand.

Dawn, Sunset Abotts chuckling among buttercups.

2.

They dressed content in their new container. He wore gray leather, black boots and Mexican spurs. She with burnt marmalade suede, boots like Artic sunrise. Simmons spit out a mouthful of blood from the doily window into the damp street filled with steaming horses. As they approached their mounts, Possum paused to pickle with old men playing marbles in a tight circle behind the jail. They told him they were guarding Broke Dog whom they had captured while he was taking liberties with his horse.

Frothing Foal lunged across the last desert towards Watkins Pass, the only way through the approaching mountains. Rode under the remaining day into the next morning and slept in a V pointing down in the pass mouth.

Awoke in each other aware of the dark dissolve between trees surrounding blue fire, moons of dew on their clothes. Simmons went to her saddle bags for a cinnamon biscuit while Possum hummed to blur her roaming voice about widow ticks, a horse nose soft yet like cracked lava; a puzzle she would solve later. He flicked his spurs with thumbnail, and she sang:

Tree of light circle my navel;
Your hair low from weeping.
Four snakes surface
Frozen and tail tied
Fold in the daisies with me.

3.

Weather-ripped. Simmons flipped her holstered pistol to Possum who pounded once and pointed to the spot, straight and pale. A Platypus lying on its back; eyes, blips on a radar screen, tongue longing from its bill. In the vest pocket of its suit he found a small ball of paper and handing the ill duckbill in his arms to Simmons, knelt by the fire and spread out what appeared to be a letter. He read slowly while she wrapped its damp bill in the checkered vest with silver buttons.

Wednesday
Moon Streak
Clear Joy
Wild Nail
Jay Lick
Laudy Claudy
Humble Pie
Just Jolly
Flying Star
One Too Many
Run Fool, Run
Try N' See
Stormy Charlie
Seeing Double
Like The Wind
Turnpike Tom
Fan My Brow

4.

Before he had finished reading, she was tying a stick cross with fresh honey-suckle vines, sure she had saved Platypus with its checked vest in her own way for its own good.

Why does a bear
Like a beaver in a bottle
And brown like a bug in a box
Turn gray with spiders at sunrise
Spawning thorns on fin's end of fish?

Possum smiled one way; looked at the earth wedged up by his spade, crystalized applesauce, and his ears rang, held on and kept digging.

"The heart of the mutter in the genes," he thought as he placed three heavy rocks over the mound.

Crossed himself, then climbed the nearest tree, lookout for smoke signals.

Simmons below, arms spread in silk chanting chants of crocodiles deep-teared in jungles.

Although a claw of set smoke as if from a standing train noticed Possum in his dry perch, it meant nothing to him, and as he walked to his horse he saw she had changed from moaning whites, ready to go.

5.

It was noon before they left the vined cross with no shadow and entered the pass its walls, a dry rhubarb pie, two hundred feet to a slight overhang. He hung his head half stunned in heat, watched his sweat roll on Frothing Foal's mane. His wide brimmed hat hung at the small of his back; cord loosed at his neck; hooked on the button of his breast pocket. Simmons rode on his left, her scarf tied side saddle. Their eyes met blankly about the hip circles of heat before them. Sand and metal touched his lips, slow drink from a canteen in blistered hands. A pebble bounced a course from the high ledge down the dust red sand sliding behind, a slow W of waves tracking upbeach, coming together where the path allowed. A trout in a dark three piece suit molded the earth in one fin over a small fire, adjusting his monacle on a black shoelace, nodded and quickly turned behind a boulder spinning a watch face into the pass. Sparked flink upright behind them unnoticed. Possum deep in orange thought; Simmons after a bathroom, a pasture of thin violins, to crouch in a dark wedge; starkle flowers, jingle grass. He twisted chilled as dots of sweat moved under his arm pits to pants tops; settled his feet balled in the stirrups and tingled in a dream to the end of the pass.

6.

A table openhanded before them; claw foot, tooth&nail Virginia white cedar; the overlap cloth toned in folds as if just laid. Possum drew back the paired Queen Anne chairs, tossed his shirt to Simmons who put it in a bag with others before churning to chores, wheat mugs for wet mounts. She sat neatly opposite him while he filled his goblet. She chose Cinnamon Wafers, Frog Back in Siamese Sauce and a Night Owl Salad. Possum had Pork Chops, Mashed Potatoes, Corn Bread and his favorite, Bad Money Pudding.

He was about to start when Simmons rose&violet behind his chair cupping his loose thin ears in her hands, and in scented air and candles said into patterns of light on pale jello pyramids:

In eyes of ants
Cream mountains;
Tongue in every spring.
In dying winks does the spider
Up his dewy web
Breathing light from mint fields.

He thanked her by nipping up a gray kangaroo mouse beside his chair which she put in her pocket. Brushed the dishes to the ground and shook the upside down mouse twice, his pearly teeth falling as sleet bouncing in delightful melody. Possum's face running to amusement&content. The ancient mouthed a toothless "o" and snuffled away.

7.

An old man wrapped in a pup tent wearing a football helmet and aiding his limp with an ornate cane, moved along the descending mountain trail to the valley below. He had just awakened as he only traveled by night and had eaten tuna fish and beans, some of it still hanging from his mouth and nose. Drippings spread over cloak front in abstract maneuver. At each staggered step the pattern changed slightly, the UH, UHH Man would then examine it with satisfied jerks of his head in the dark, drop the canvas, and with another step confirm his circular journey.

Unfocused in unine night sea ducks flew honk and roll over burial hill circled with curled fence where the mole determines his mound by stones like chair backs, blind toward the toll of a bell.

Toward the valley in ¾ time, her rusting beat with tamborine on pinto chaps. Frothing Foal led heel-toeing a merry dance in dusty shoes, alerting the UH, UHH Man around the bend. Possum straight in seat on parade. Simmons toned and solemn to the tine of bean can in cayon. The neck of the bull turned in his canvas cape, pleased at intruders.

Possum dismounted before him, astride a lavender hog in linen. They charged instincts, rolled reeling on the sand amidst her blue jay laughter, long candle fingers, cat pads on her cheeks, looked wide orange at shining boots from igloos.

8.

He nailed the UH, UHH Man and hog to a nearby picnic table. Shook Simmons over the low bush ledge in a shudder, kicked Frothing Foal down the cliff like a half frozen sand castle, a cascade to Spain in sparkling marble. He trotted to her moans shouting nursery rhymes - snowmen erupting in parks to knife flounder children with caramel eyes.

She touched him with skin inside sea shells till the water ran from his brain, carried her to a cactus where rain and their son came before morning. Possum wrote a letter to him later that afternoon.

A Shut Piece For Hot Day -

Mislaid, he steered his broken flapjack machine through space landing and merged from his stunned syncopation.

u-lated at the vista spread before and around.

Yor smile broke me a block away between stuffed animals and palm shops.

He rose, brushed off the seat of his pants, folded the letter and gave it to her, closed the door of the cactus quilled in green and walked away.

Days later he befriended a drunken tortoise and they arrived at sunset in a Mexican border town where they drank and slept. The next morning as he stood on the Hotel porch, the outloud returned. Tortoise descending the stairs - shadow's low shout in the street.

POETRY

JOHN WELLMAN

MEMORY: CANTO FIVE

Merlin To Bruno's Familiar Spirit

The fire and Aire die. We
Grow up the same. No pleasure.
Use other words, the same.
Time batters both. No change
In the animal. The death
Of Aire and the beginning of time.

In the end all hallowed names are memories.

O Spirit, we all exchange our names
In the fabulous flux of realms
Of remembering, remembering
What kind of world it was
Whenever the loved one left,
Whether a He or a She, leaving us
Aghast and alone, thrust out,
Suddenly, from Metapart,

Abode of Powers and Emanations divine.

And I alone, by ancient writ
Empowered, am the lonely
Backward-living vessel of
Correct foretelling of all that's
Bound to be done, whether right
Or wrong, in steelknit Armorica.
Hear me O Spirit, I know
I see aright the youthening landscape
Mac created, whenever, however.

I know what magic can accomplish,
Cannot accomplish. For I
Was born old as anthracite,
And every year grow younger
And hungrier, and work my
Spells with more delight, previewing
The unborn anniversaries
As they twist upon the wheels of Aire
Awaiting their appointed days,
All the fates and fames
Of daybright Amorica, broadest
Expanse of mental space
And home of Mac's hilarities.

And I know still the myth of Metapark.

Youth knows no fame, no histories
Beyond the natal needs
Of sight, of touch, of universal
Sympathy, and comprehends
Without minutest doubt
The turbulent world
Like the unmoving eye of a tempest.
All the creatures of the imagination
Thrive in the emerald world,
Their borrowed destinies
Free in the shared dominion
Of a soul-filling euphoria.
The myriad sunfilled sky
Extends beyond the mothering edge
Of vision, and the long
Autumnal grasses sway
To the same beat the child knows
Harvesting his fruitful dreams;
And dreams an everlasting
Scenario, dancing darkly,

Unafraid of what his elders grimly fear.

In the blossom of time each child
Fabricates a solitary
Metapark, prodigious and
Sublime. And once, before
Old Wonderfork bent
His armored will to task,
Even the elders knew that land
Where oranges lushly grow
And heavenly hang like stars amid
Hugely fertile flowering dells.
And they grew rich and wise
Nurtured in natural harmony
Of life unhindered by
Anti-life, the bias of the mind
That snapped its roots below.

And old men once were gay
And breezy wanderers,
Like their grandchildren; true
To their amorous energies
Shared the joy with all living
Matter of death-ordained delight.
And knew their time allotted
Linked all with all in one
Vastly concordant chime
And sympathetic hymn of hope
Reconciling despair, of all
Fruition, parturition, decay.
Then no one dreamt this late
Abuse of our ancestral home,

And the World Park touched
At every flowering point
The World Park of the soul.

And there is no other security.

And yet behold!

The vast indestructible necropolis
Of composite Jobbernowl-Slumdom separable units!
Off to the Universal Sawmill.
Carry tuns full of hot fat, spill
Some of it. Stunted minions singing
As they sweat, O I got plenty of nuthin!
Or other words, the same.
Cyborgs graze in the gravel pit.
Old Crome in the gulch, howling.
Cardboard cutouts eating soap. One
Falls headlong in the pitch.
Groomboolia. The others laugh.
A penny earned is a penny dump.
The same. No change in the animal.
Over endless rubble scraps of paper flit.
Aromatic vapors. Avalanche of chamber pots
Kills a few niggers, no change.
All the same, other words. Both
the same. The death of Aire.
Wildmen and Harlequins waiting
For the gravytrain, frolic. Eat the gnome,
The sick one, for lunch. Tasty.
Doctors, Pedants, Fools, dandies
Gallop madly on the hobbyhorses.
Mine eyes have seen the glory of the dump.

To our right, folks, the Infinite Warehouse,
Oozing Naphtha. To our left, the awesome
Plains stretching to River Lethe.
Rubble extending a thousand miles.
No change, all the same.
Apes, asses, hogs, crayfish,
Being crowded on the mungbarge to the Sausage Mill.
Old men in cardboard boots, giving
What they can. Hop in the silos,
One after another, duty.
Everything stable, no change.

But one life to give for the dump.
The Arts and Sciences stand on plaster pillars
Grinning at their lengthening shadows.
Old men with wooden teeth
Gnawing at stones and clinkers,
Crowding towards the pit. No pleasure.

Wind storm howling through empty apartment building.

The death of Aire and the birth of time.
Blimps dropping cannisters of nerve gas.
To kill the pain. All the same.
Dynamos hum in the caved-in mountain.
A man's gotta make a livin. Or other words,
The same. Another avalanche.
This time beer bottles. A few dead gnomes.
No change in the animal. The same.
Living in cardboard cartons, eating
Hay. Still got some pride, don't gripe.
Progress is our most important dump.
Old women with ball-bearing eyes
Collecting pieces of broken glass, thankful.
Turds coiling under the faucets like rope.
Bulldozers plowing under children.
Good mulch for spring, whatever that is.
Hobos stand around a dead mule grinning.
No pleasure. Bodies soaked in kerosene, lit,
Glare. Hobos raping a dead mule, good fun.
No change in the animal.
Quadruple amputees stacked up like cordwood.
Waiting for rain. All the same words.
Slag a nickle a bucket.
More for fine clean gravel.
Pitch a quater. Man's gotta make a livin.
You had my daughter yet?
She's real clean. Use other words. The same.
Factories make money. Money makes us
Plenty safe from Mastodon,
Or Moby Cong. Both the same.
Dead man's leg. Horse flies by the zillion.
Lady's Day at the dump today.
Have your wreckage read by Swami Joe.

Better not light that match here. That's Lake Fondu.
Last time burnt three-hundred thousand acres!
Stupid ain't it? All the same,
Nuthin's plenty for me. No work, no eat.
Cataract of quicklime, few dead wops.
You ever seen a tree? Me I don't believe in trees.
Effervescing open sewers. Soda straws
Only a dime. No pleasure.
Statue of Woodfork a half-mile high.
One of us he was. Only bigger.
Accident at the Dynamo. Bring your Kodak.
Wonderfork our Leader
Hath ordained the World Dump.
Grow up the same. No change
In the animal. The death of Aire
And the beginning of time.
When lilacs last in the dooryard dump.
Security, my friend, is worth plenty.

Iceles, Spirit of fearful Visions
Dressed in a brown tunic
with great bat-wings paddling the Aire
waving in tow a beet-red mantle
leading a feathered donkey.
In one hand a chain-saw,
in the other a plumber's friend.

He stoops, craps on the statue of Woodfork.

O you Beautiful Changes,
What took your place where Memory Stands?

PERFORMANCE



Jeanette Vondersaar, Harkness Ballet

TRICKS Arena Kreeger

1776
National Theatre

Reviewed by Jay Alan Quantrill

To say that *TRICKS*, the latest and last of Arena's entries into the great season of 1971 - 72, is tricky may sound cutesy, but it's rather accurate. Besides being filled with every trick in the theatrical book, every gimmick, every bit of stage business, every sight gag and piece of schtick, every type of prop and on and on, the trickiest part of the show is that all this gimmickry distracts you from the emptiness of the concept, the mediocrity of the acting (with a few splendid exceptions), the plainness of the choreography (if that's what it is) the misery of the singing, (also with a few exceptions, though not as splendid), and the relative blandness of the music.

But like masks and make-up and costumes, the three-ring-circus atmosphere that prevails at the Arena Kreeger does a cover-up job, and *TRICKS* manages to provide a bit of entertainment. Richard Bauer, playing the lead, is splendid; he's required to do a lot more than he seems to be capable of, but his performance is rewarding. The same is true of Howard Witt, as the old father who travels on a wooden frame. The set is admirable, but I felt the colors were too bland and sophisticated for a theatre-piece so heavily dependent on socking-it-to-you. There's one of those instrumental combo's perching high up in the background playing various numbers with a screaming screecher attempting song in their midst. Delightful puppets abound, clever sight gags run rampant, literally (there's one - about fifty feet of train trailing the floor behind the ingenue's dress, dragging a number of epigram bearing centerpiece-like arrangements); there's a wall of doors like *LAUGH-IN*'s; there are trap doors; and there's a lot of clowning around. A lot of people sat around laughing, on and off all evening. Others merely sat pleasantly taking it all in. I sat there waiting, waiting for it all to jell. Okay, so it's not going to jell. Then take it as it is. Well, what is it? A big bawdy bundle of vaudevillianesque.

The staging requires the physical discipline of a dancer, of which there are none. The songs interrupt rather than flow out of the script, which is not bad, but the songs don't possess enough catchiness or cleverness or usefulness on their own, so they merely remain interruptions. The three little "helpers" have little or no stage presence. The Arena actors outshine everybody else with the possible exceptions of Christopher Murney. Please, Arena Stage, get back to work on your own! You've got perhaps the best reputation of any theatre outside of New York, and maybe inside New York, too. Do your own thing, not somebody else's!

1776, now playing at the National Theatre, is a relatively unique musical. Unique in that it was written backwards: the music and lyrics were written first, by a teacher who dabbled in songwriting. Sherman Edwards, the teacher, spent many years composing the music and lyrics about characters and incidents surrounding the signing of the Declaration of Independence. Then with a completed score and a conception for the whole tucked neatly in his pocket, he got Peter Stone to write the script, which was no small task, and together they came up with a musical which captures in the slick terms of Broadway's best style, the cantankerous, contradictory, and occasionally coarse members of the Second Continental Congress of the American Colonies.

It's a musical full of richness and abounding in warmth. The multifarious characters which made up the Congress, with their diverse backgrounds, and their strong beliefs, are perfectly drawn, and admirably handled (with the usual concessions to the cleverness demanded by a musical). The show is at its dramatic best when the Congress is arguing, showing the kind of wildly disparate forces which somehow got themselves together, to form a nation. Actually, 1776 tells you how it was done. And with only two women and a couple dozen men. Peter Hunt has captured the period admirably, and moves the show along quite well, although at times his characters move without motivation. He never misses a poignant moment, and succeeds in grabbing the audience where it lives. The sets are nothing short of magnificent, the music is distinctive, having none of the usual Broadway flavor but a feeling all its own - and everything seems to work

effortlessly, except the lyrics.

And this is not a red, white, and blue paean to America love it or leave it... my country right or wrong, and it's right! This is a show that bargains one issue for another - slavery for independence (with the full knowledge of the price someone will have to pay.) Congress is taken to task at every possible turn ("... that one useless man is called a disgrace, that two are called a law firm, and that three or more become a congress."). The various states are cajoled and poked at ("Have you ever been present at a meeting of the New York legislature? They speak very fast and very loud and nobody pays attention to anybody else..."). And historical characters are people, not idealizations of history, though they often seem more caricature than characters.

In every department, 1776 awards the audience. True there is a bit too much cuteness in some of the musical numbers, and a few of the members of this present company are not all that they could be, but the major parts are exceptionally well cast, and the success of the more important musical numbers outshines the gloss of those which are a bit too plastic, and the silliness of some of the lyrics.

The theatre couldn't have captured historical America with more truth and entertainment if that had been its sole purpose. Don't you dare miss it!!

THE FIREBUGS by MAX FRISCH

at The Back Alley Theatre

Reviewed by John Reap

Back Alley's production of *THE FIREBUGS* is disappointing. More disappointing, however, is the continued lack of support, in the form of audiences, by the community. I saw the play on a Friday night, and there were only about two dozen people in the audience. As I have said before, Back Alley is the only theatre group we have that really reflects Washington's community and selects its material specifically for this community. They deserve our support, even when they are not wholly successful.

The main problem with *THE FIREBUGS* is the acting. Only Richard De Angelis is outstanding, although Douglas Johnson has some fine moments. The chorus of firemen is plagued by poor diction and the failure to pick up cues crisply, although it is ably led by Kent Nelson and Nori Wright; physically, however, the chorus performs its pantomimes beautifully. This points up the main problem in this production: director Timothy Jecko is at his best in the physical and choreographic elements of the play, but seems to have let some of the actors stay with their original conceptions of their parts, resulting in performances that are largely surface.

This is particularly unfortunate with a play like *THE FIREBUGS*, for it is a complex and challenging play. A city is plagued by wide-spread arson, usually started by men who claim to be peddlers needing a place to stay. Biedermann, a manufacturer of hair tonic, finds himself unable to refuse shelter to an imposing wrestler and his friend, a former waiter. As they fill his attic with barrels of gasoline, he tries to save his house and life by befriending them, treating the gasoline as a joke. The chorus periodically interrupts the action with its chants of woe, and in the final conflagration perishes with Biedermann and his household. This final scene, very well done, is spine-chilling in its theatricality. Unfortunately, its effectiveness has been undercut by our previous dissatisfaction with the acting.

The play, though, remains both interesting and troubling. Biedermann confronts the audience with his own dilemma: what can a man do when asked for help in dangerous times; should he just laugh at the idea of the goodness of humanity, as the firebugs do, or should he put himself in jeopardy by responding with trust? Biedermann, who is not a good man, chooses to trust the firebugs, and he dies for that trust.

This is the kind of play that should be available to audiences, and its choice by Back Alley shows once more that this company is not going to take the easy community theatre road to mediocrity. If its reach has exceeded its grasp, the effort itself is laudable.



THE HARKNESS BALLET CAME into town last week and danced six performances to cheering audiences. The company has ten soloists and twenty-five members of the corps, who are without exception young, energetic, and well-trained. A few, mainly the soloists, of course, are quite captivating; all but two are exceedingly competent and filled with the verve and showmanship which make for rewarding, entertaining ballet. The female soloists are less diverse in their attributes than the men, all being lovely and winsome. Jeanette Vondersaar's *FIREBIRD* is breathtaking, Miyoko Kato's snake in the same ballet is superbly slithery. Manola Asensio demonstrated a skilled and captivating style in Schubert *VARIATIONS*. Linda DiBona in the same ballet proved to be a dancer with panache. Tina Helen Heineman was vibrant in *TIME OUT OF MIND*.

The four male soloists are much more individual in their presentation, which seems to be one of their major shortcomings: they find it difficult to blend into patterns and statements, rather remaining separate but equal. This makes the company seem at times uneven. But it does provide some strengths and a lot of versatility. Christopher Aponte is a strong, sturdy dancer with a flair that stands out and a fine sense of phrasing which serves him and the company well. Gary Wahl's trademark seems to be a distinctive grace and reserve which some of his colleagues would do well to emulate. Tanju Tuzer is the quiet, sensitive kind of dancer that makes a more effective appearance than is realized at first glance. Zane Wilson is all hot fire and flash, and dazzlingly theatrical; a born scene stealer, which steals some of the thoroughness of the company. Two corps members, Darrell Barnett and Rafael Reyes, performed a pas de deux called *GEMINI*, which was choreographed by the company's resident dance maker, Vincente Nebrada. *GEMINI* and the two dancers demonstrated an intensity that was spellbinding, and a concept that needs a second look before further comment.

To a man, and a lovely lady, the Harkness dancers are excitingly clean, alive and vibrant - asking nothing, making no excuses - just giving their all to the dance. It's a pity that more of their dances weren't as interesting as the performers. Many were just show pieces, some even less. *FIREBIRD*, to Stravinsky's music, was the most theatrical and deserves to be seen again and again. Schubert *VARIATIONS* looked better the second time around, a spicy confection in reds, pinks, lavenders, and oranges - and it was splendidly danced. The aforementioned *GEMINI* was well worth the time, but *TIME OUT OF MIND* didn't seem to be as meaningful as it did when I first saw it performed by the Alvin Ailey troupe. *SOUVENIR* was a disappointment: set changes ruined pacing, the concept had no direction, the humor was gratuitous. Dump it!

All in all, though, this company is attractive, thorough, and an immediate success. They seem to have set immediate goals and they've reached them. Hopefully the future holds more interesting ballets. It definitely holds promise! Some of which has been fulfilled.

JAQ

COLLEGE RADIO CARNIVAL

By Bruce Rosenstein

It was billed as a convention, but the 33rd IBS (Intercollegiate Broadcasting System) convention, or "Speak Out '72," as the IBS liked to refer to it, resembled a carnival and more often a zoo. It was held in New York City the weekend of March 24-26 at the Hotel McAlpin, supposedly for the benefit of college radio, but five minutes after the ritual of registration, it was apparent who was running the show that weekend: the record companies.

Although their name may lead you to believe otherwise, the IBS is not a radio network; it is an organization which rather loosely binds together its more than 400 member college radio stations across the country. In recent years, a lot of college radio people have come to question the value of IBS, and during the weekend, many people questioned its very reason for existence. Basically, the IBS has not kept up with the times in college radio. Most of their board of directors are no longer involved with college radio on a day to day basis, and they have given little indication that they are interested in catching up with the current problems of college radio.

Their running of the convention was particularly sloppy and unorganized. There were the usual time hassles and inconveniences, and then the little annoying things like the plastic covered nameplates which gave your name, all right, but not what school and station you were representing, or the school's location. And then there was the "banquet." In the registration kit, it was described as "The World Famous Bavarian nightclub in the Alpine Cellar exclusively for you. Singers, dancers, bands, no head table; just fun and GOOD FOOD." What it was, of course, was a seemingly interminable wait in a line of starving people to get into the Cellar which was decidedly not "just for you;" the hotel's other guests were receiving quicker service. Once you got in the room meant another wait for service while putting up with the killer Bavarian band. So...if these IBS people weren't going to take the initiative to give the convention a semblance of order and a program relevant to their guests' desires, well then, the record companies sure were and they sure did.

The record company dominated exhibit hall typified the general atmosphere of the weekend. Rows of white clothed tables abounded with small placards identifying their inhabitants: Warner Brothers, Polydor, RCA, Atlantic, United Artists, A&M, etc., all there to sell you something, but not without giving you something also.

There wasn't a person wandering through the room not trying to balance a load of Grunt Records comic books, London catalogues, ZBS Media questionnaires, Polydor hype sheets, and issues of Rolling Stone, Crawdaddy, the convention issue of College Radio Report, (a mini-trade paper dealing solely with college radio) and whatever else was free for the taking (you didn't have to ask). The record companies and equipment manufacturers were there also eager to meet with the visitors to the Big City. But the record companies dominated the scene. Their representatives met with an endless supply of music directors determined on getting their stations on mailing lists and grabbing whatever freebies were offered.

The record companies, you see, have come to realize something during the past year while witnessing the death of "free-form" progressive radio stations. If you have gotten a new artist, the only place left to get some initial airplay exposure for him is at a college radio station. This is mainly because college stations have few restrictions on what can be played, and not many use formal playlists.

No matter where you went through the hotel that weekend, you were sure to find someone from a record company who was willing to talk to you. The relative merits of countless artists were kicked around by promotion men and music directors. While this was great for these people, it was no secret that those in attendance who weren't record oriented felt a little lost and out of place.

But if you liked to sit around and bullshit about music and the record industry, and smoke dope and/or drink, and get free records and hype materials, then the IBS convention was for you, friend. Because not only could you go to any number of hospitality suites and pick up on the free London Records tee-shirts, Bud-dah stash boxes and rolling papers, free records of new releases courtesy of Atlantic and Polydor; not to mention the open bars and plentiful dope, but the companies had also provided two evenings full of live entertainment by their up-and-coming acts.

Friday night's concert, held in the 24th floor ballroom, consisted of Dennis Stonier, Nannete Natal, a film of Ry Cooder, and Jake and the Family Jewels. Saturday night was Tiny Alice, George Gerdes, David Pomeranz, Billy Joel, and Todd Rundgren. But...the biggie was Saturday afternoon at five, when buses began loading in front of the hotel to whisk about 400 of the conventioners away to the Columbia Records 30th Street studios for a company sponsored "party" featuring entertainment by David Bromberg and Kenny Loggins and Jim Messina. As you boarded the bus, a wax-papered cheese (American and Swiss) sandwich was shoved into your hands to tide you over on the ride. Upon entering the large studios, a glance straight ahead showed a long row of buffet tables filled with food, food, and more food, and a look to your right showed a bar. And naturally the stage. The emcee told us that in between sets by Bromberg and Loggins and Messina we would be served dinner while listening to a tape of the then unreleased new album by the New Riders of The Purple Sage. Bromberg was working with a new band and it seems that they were also gigging in Boston that weekend, in a matter of hours, in fact, and had to leave right after their set.

Dinner was not for the weak-willed. I mean, the food was fine, but getting to it was something else. You had to have pro-football experience just to get into the line for your platter, and once you got your food, a good deal of grace and

balance was required to get out of line. All while the New Riders country honked through "I Don't Need No Doctor." After dinner was finally over (there was also a short lived tour of the control room which was terminated when the roving hands of some over-curious radio people began pulling patch cords from the giant patch panels; never turn radio people, especially engineers, loose in a roomful of wires and buttons) Loggins and Messina began their set. Opening with a couple of acoustic numbers by Loggins, the set progressed as Messina and the rest of the band took the stage and proceeded to fire out some wildly beautiful, loving rock and roll.

The other entertainment provided was not quite as spectacular. But it also brought up a glaring sore spot for college radio. Many of the artists showcased were acoustic, and the vast majority of the audience payed them no attention at all, being too absorbed in their own conversations and arguments and oblivious to the talent on stage.

In all fairness, not all the blame can be attributed to the radio people. Whoever was in charge of the proceedings made such errors as, on Saturday night's concert, not giving the performer a spotlight, or any different lighting from the rest of the large room. It was nearly 2 am before Todd Rundgren took the stage in his red velvet suit, backed by his new unit consisting of the pantomime rock band, The Hello People, and lead guitarist Tommy Cosgrove and bassist Stu Woods. The new outfit was not quite together, but they gained far more attention than any of the other acts at the hotel. The routines of the Hello People, believe it or not, became the focal point of the act. Todd, meanwhile, was still getting it together, looking tired and thoroughly pissed off at the delays. Although he sang lead a lot, he left most of the lead guitar chores to Cosgrove and often played electric piano or sat offstage and watched the Hello People. It was 2:45 when their set and the entertainment ended.

The spirit of something-for-nothing was thick in the already smokey air the entire weekend. Especially in the hospitality suites. Before and after (and in some cases, during) the entertainment, people would walk around the hotel, boarding the over-crowded elevators, looking at their list of suites; "Let's see, London is 1890, and Atlantic is 1800. Hey, we gotta go there! I heard they're giving out the new Eric Clapton album!"

If you tired of the suite you happened to be in, you could always truck up to the 20th floor to Warner Brothers and try to get on their mailing list, or head back down to 1690, United Artists' suite, where there was a sign on the door saying "If you want to come in and talk, we are open. If all you want is freebies, we don't have any."

As you can probably imagine, not all of the convention was devoted to entertainment and the hype of the record companies. There were a number of panels all day Saturday dealing with programming, sales, engineering, freedom of speech, new, and other areas.

Saturday afternoon there were successive panels on college radio programming and underground radio. One panel featured New York's WNEW-FM heavies, Scott Muni and Pete Fornatale, the latter a veteran of college radio, and WPLJ's Jimmy Fink, with whom I had worked at a college radio station, and who was often unfairly and uncomfortably put in the position of explaining WPLJ's no-longer-progressive format. Predictably, Scott was bombarded with questions to which there were really no answers, but he and sidekick Fornatale tried to answer them anyway, with Pete coming up with some fairly incisive comments about programming with the meaty questions to the best ways to program a station went largely unanswered.

The "Underground Radio" panel was an extension of its predecessor, with a lot of weighty ideas being kicked around but too much bullshit preventing any notable progress. A mushrooming dissatisfaction with the IBS was felt during this panel, and tentative plans were made to confront the IBS directors during the closing session Sunday morning with some plans for the future. I never did stick around to see what happened on Sunday morning. Nothing during the weekend made me hopeful that something concrete would suddenly happen.

While most people went away from the IBS convention loaded with freebies and possessing a few more record industry contacts, I don't think that college radio was substantially different on Monday, March 27, than it was on Thursday, March 23. Except that a lot of the deejays were probably doing their shows wearing London Records tee-shirts, and that, folks, was the whole idea.



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**THE HIND QUARTER

CUSTOM SANDALS

GROUCHO MARX

PORTRAIT OF THE ARTIST AS AN OLD MAN

**Robert Altman, Jon Carroll
& Michael Goodwin**

[Ed. Note: Groucho Marx has been placed on the Secret Service's list of potential presidential assassins as of June 9, 1971, according to a Jack Anderson column of May 22. According to Anderson, 183,000 persons are now on the potential assassins list, with 300 of those being considered dangerous enough for the government to keep tabs on (Groucho is not yet considered to be one of the 300).

Groucho's being placed on the list was based on edited versions of the following article which appeared in various newspapers both in the U.S. and abroad, on which the editors of TAKE ONE comment below. WOODWIND thanks the editors of TAKE ONE, a Canadian film magazine, for allowing us to reprint, in its entirety, the original interview which appeared in that publication.]

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About a year ago, we decided to start a magazine. It was (and is) called *Flash*. And to properly inaugurate the first issue, we thought we'd do an interview with Groucho Marx. So we obtained his phone number (it's not difficult if you know how) and we called him. He said no. We insisted, gently.

"Will you buy me an expensive lunch?"

"Sure," we said.

"Will you bring a naked girl with you?"

"If that's what it takes," we said.

"Never mind," he sighed. "Just take me out to lunch."

A week later, that's exactly what we did. During the interview Groucho delivered himself of certain opinions about the current state of government in the United States. "This whole gang in Washington, at least half of them are thieves," he said, and later: "I think the only hope this country has is Nixon's assassination."

We printed the interview in the pilot issue of *Flash*, which we distributed to various influential and/or friendly people in the hope of attracting interest and investment. Somehow, a copy found its way across the Atlantic to Richard Neville, who operates an underground newspaper in London called *Ink*. Neville lifted our interview and ran it in *Ink*. He edited the text in an exceedingly heavy-handed fashion, ruined the photographs, and pulled Groucho's remark about assassinating Nixon out of context to run as a banner headline. Thanks, Richard.

The Berkeley Barb, a west coast underground newspaper of no discernible value, picked up the *Ink* version of the interview and ran it, thereby giving the false impression that the authors worked for The Barb. Thanks, Barb.

Enter The Law. An assistant attorney general with too much time on his hands read *The Barb* and told a reporter for the *San Francisco Examiner* that he was "looking into" the possibility of prosecuting Groucho for threatening the life of the President.

Groucho, reached by the *Examiner* reporter, introduced his own brand of anarchy into the proceedings. He denied everything. "I didn't say that," he told the reporter. "I never tell the truth. It's too dangerous."

Thankfully, that's as far as it went. Two weeks later a small item appeared in *The New York Times* saying that the attorney general had decided not to instigate action against Groucho Marx. (If the Feds were scared, we don't blame them.) In a way, it's a shame—Groucho on the witness stand would have made a wonderful addition to the canon of Marx Brothers movies.

We are sorry that Groucho had to be annoyed by all this, but we are sorrier yet that his remark was so widely circulated out of context. Consequently, we are delighted to be able to present the original interview, in its entirety, to a general audience.

RA, JC and MG

We have put on our straightest clothes, smoothed down our hair, and we look almost respectable as we walk into the foyer of "The Bistro" in fashionable Beverly Hills. The maitre D', as suave and cunning as a pair of black leather pumps, quickly approaches.

"Yes?"

"We're meeting Mr. Marx here at one," says Carroll.

"Mr. Marx?" asks the maitre D'.

"Groucho Marx," says Carroll. The maitre D's stare becomes only slightly less icy.

"Groucho Marx," says the maitre D', as if only dimly recalling the name.

"Groucho," says Goodwin.

"Marx," says Altman.

"Groucho Marx," says Carroll, summing up.

"Do you have a reservation?" Silence.

"No, but we..." essays Carroll.

"...thought that Mr. Marx..." adds Goodwin.

"...had made one," says Altman.

"We thought that Mr. Marx had made one," says Goodwin. It's his turn to gather the pieces. The maitre D' makes a show of peering into the restaurant.

"Well, I hope it's a slow day," he says. He turns back and executes a mannered double-take. "I'm sorry, it's impossible. Coat and tie are required." Goodwin and Altman both have ties, Goodwin has a coat, and Altman has a vest that might pass. But Carroll is limited to a black cashmere turtleneck.

"Mr. Marx said that he was wearing his turtleneck, and that I could wear my turtleneck," says Carroll, visibly on the defensive for the first time.

There is a long silence. Goodwin and Altman stand firm, indicating solidarity. Carroll wonders where he can borrow a tie. The maitre D' purses his lips like an ill-tempered judge pondering on the maximum penalty he can impose under the law. Finally he opts for apartheid.

"Very well. If you'll eat in the upstairs room," Carroll nods. Goodwin nods. Altman nods. The maitre D' looks surprised, but he leads the way — through a noisy, crowded, dimly-lit restaurant, up the stairs and into a large, empty, blissfully quiet room.

"Will a corner table be all right?" asks the maitre D', no longer able to cover his sneer.

"Just fine," says Goodwin.

"Swell," says Carroll.

"Wow," says Altman.

As it happens, no one says, "Wow, this is just fine and swell."

Ten minutes later the maitre D' reappears, with Groucho Marx in tow. Disconcertingly, Groucho is not wearing a turtleneck; he is wearing a suit, a shirt, and an expensive-looking tie. He gives us a cold look as we rise to our feet. Clearly, this is one of those restaurants where sitting upstairs is only marginally better than lunching from a brown paper bag on the sidewalk.

GROUCHO: Do you live down here?

CARROLL: No, we're from San Francisco.

GROUCHO: Frisco, eh? ... Calling it "Frisco" used to infuriate the natives who came down here. When I was doing the quiz show I would always, deliberately, say, "Well, you're from Frisco, eh?" I don't know why they should object to that — I think it's more euphonious, and racier, and more interesting than "San Francisco."

CARROLL: San Francisco people tend to be very defensive, because we're the junior partner—

GROUCHO: Not "junior." "Inferior" is the word.

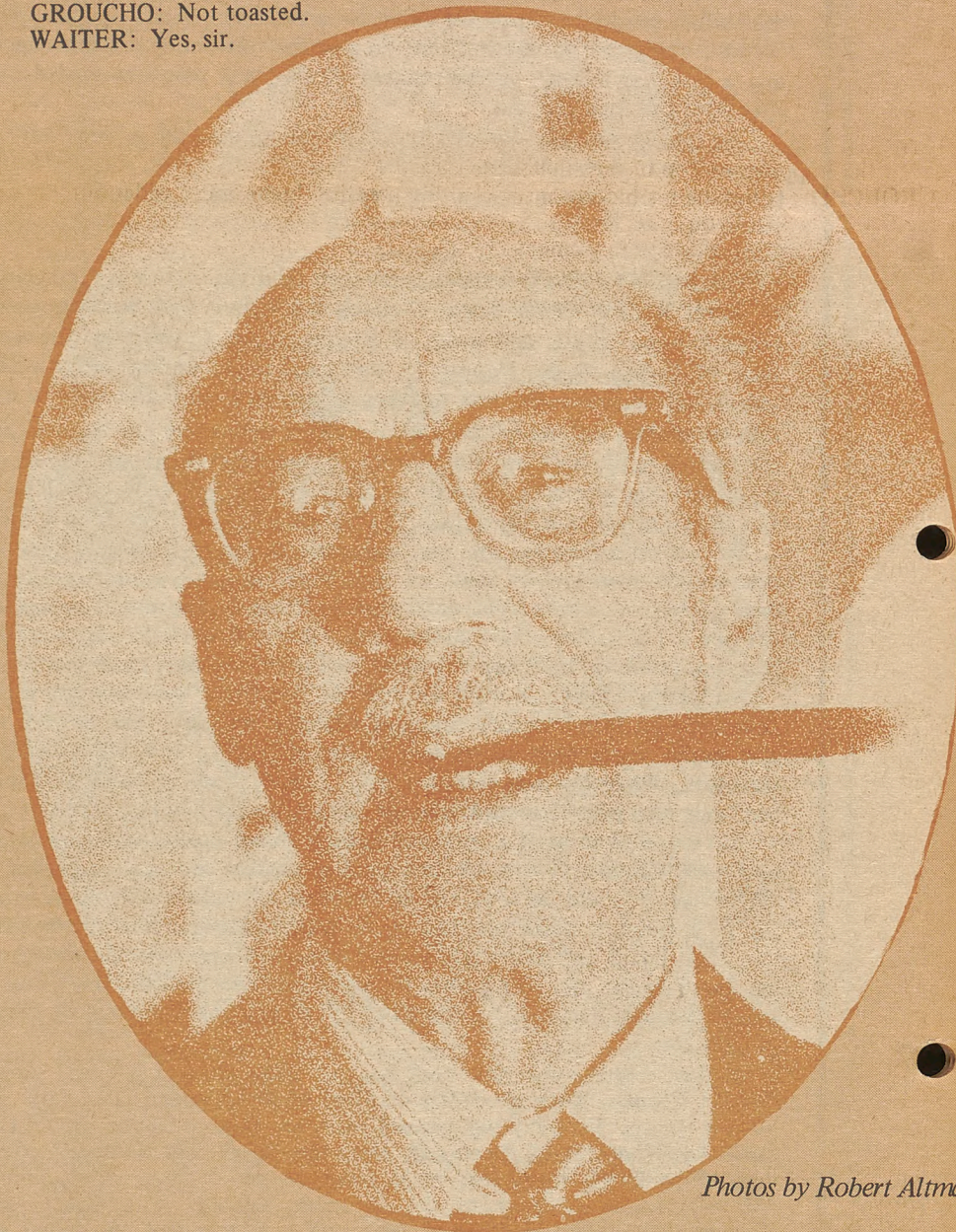
CARROLL: Inferior partners in the state.

GROUCHO: (to the waiter, who has arrived with bread) Do you have any pumpernickel?

WAITER: Yes, sir.

GROUCHO: Not toasted.

WAITER: Yes, sir.



Photos by Robert Altman

GROUCHO: Just fresh pumpernickel.

WAITER: Yes, pumpernickel.

GROUCHO: Oh, you don't know me, do you? (the waiter pours the water) There ought to be a law that they're not allowed to waste water. They did, in some towns. Like New York. Because a lot of people don't want water. Especially if they have a bladder problem.

CARROLL: A lot of people don't want New York water. New York water doesn't taste—

GROUCHO: A lot of people don't want New York. I was born on 78th Street, between Lexington and Third. My grandfather was born in Germany. He lived to be 101. He had a very good system for it — he decided to quit working when he was 50, and he never worked again after that.

CARROLL: What did he do?

GROUCHO: In Germany, he and my grandmother had a wagon show. She was the harpist. That's how Harpo learned to play the harp, when she died. It was only a little harp — they didn't make big ones like they do now. Harpo was always only a little harp — they didn't make big ones like they do now. Harpo was always fascinated by it. Two days after she was buried he was practicing the harp in the closet. This was in New York, on 93rd Street. We lived there for about 12 years.

CARROLL: Were you on the road a lot during that time?

GROUCHO: I spent most of my early years on the road. I started when I was 14. I sang at Coney Island on a beer keg, and got a dollar. That's the first money I ever made.

CARROLL: Why did you stop singing?

GROUCHO: I didn't. I sang later at the Protestant church on Madison Avenue, in the choir, until they found out what I was. That's an old vaudeville joke, but it was true. I did sing — I got a dollar every Sunday. I had no idea what I was singing. And I had less interest in it. That's about as far as I ever got in religion.

CARROLL: Anybody ever try and make you a cantor?

GROUCHO: Eddie did, yes. We weren't religious. My mother and father, neither of them were. I was bar mitzvahed. I didn't know what they were doing to me. My grandfather had bought a speech for \$5, and as each boy got to the age of 13 he memorized this speech. So it cost my grandfather about a dollar apiece for each bar mitzvah.

GOODWIN: Didn't he have to pay the rabbi something?

GROUCHO: I suppose. I don't know. I wasn't involved in the details. I was just an innocent Jewish boy and didn't know anything. And still don't.

CARROLL: When you went on the road did you get less innocent?

GROUCHO: In those days I was as innocent as the average young girl today of 14. Sex was frowned on. We didn't know anything about sex, and we didn't learn anything about it. My father came from France, my mother came from Germany, and my father was a very stupid, inept tailor. My mother was bright — a shrewd brightness, like Noel Coward's mother had. At any rate, I didn't know where babies came from until I was about 18. And by that time my folks had had five boys.

GOODWIN: How did you find out?

GROUCHO: I don't really know. It was never a subject that was discussed in the house. Or any place else. Oh, there were dirty jokes. We lived near Central Park, and we had heard of fellows taking girls in the bushes. But I didn't know what they were doing, so help me. The first time was when I was playing in Montreal, in some dump theater there. A hooker picked me up, and I didn't know what that was, even. She took me down in the cellar. There was an iron grating, and we crawled through there and we got to the cellar. Eight days later I had gonorrhea. And I still have it. They say it's something you really never get cured of. The vestiges of that always remain in some part of your body. I think that's true. I think it's a very dangerous sickness, and it's increasing now because of the pills, and the diaphragms, and the various devices that the kids use now. They don't seem to care whether they get pregnant, or get gonorrhea or syphilis.

GOODWIN: Sometimes they don't know enough to—

GROUCHO: But they're supposed to be so free, and to know so much about... about sex.

GOODWIN: Well, they don't know as much as they think they do.

GROUCHO: I didn't know anything about it.

CARROLL: I think adolescents are probably more or less the same, no matter what the trappings on top of the adolescence are.

GROUCHO: (drinking his bloody mary) Pardon me, this'll tear your insides out. (to Goodwin:) Did you order that?

GOODWIN: Yes, I did. I'm drinking it slowly.

GROUCHO: I would drink it very cautiously. Fate works in mysterious ways its wonders to perform. I was standing on the corner, waiting for the light to change, and a rather attractive girl came up to me and says, "You're Groucho Marx." I says, "Yes." She says, "I would like you to have one of these magazines." I says, "I subscribe to this," which I do. But I took it anyhow, we got to talking, and finally made a date.

CARROLL: Was she selling them on the street?

GROUCHO: No, she was selling herself on the street. No she wasn't, she's the Art Editor of the magazine, and a very nice girl. Around 35, 38 — about right for me. I warned her that it she was interested in sex, don't waste her time or mine, because I'm through with that. Oh, I can look at 'em. I like to take 'em out, but I'm not interested... the subject matter bores me. It seems like a lot of work for what you get out of it, or what you get into it.

CARROLL: When did it start getting boring?

GROUCHO: Today?

CARROLL: No, I mean when in your life did it start getting boring? I'm assuming that there was a point in your life when it wasn't boring.

GROUCHO: My last marriage, I was 57 years old. I had ten wonderful years with her, but by then the magic had worn off, and we got divorced. I've been single ever since, and propose to stay that way for the rest of my life. It would be folly, at my age, to start getting married again. I've paid a lot of money in three alimonies. It's not worth it. The cheapest way is to have legalized whorehouses, so if a fellow is young, and wants to get laid, his folks should give him \$20, or \$50 or whatever it costs to get laid. And not get married, just to lay a girl. This is the reason there are so many young girls today who have three- or four-year-old children, were married when they were 16 or 17, and are now divorced. There are not many men who want to take on a girl with a child, especially if they've raised three as I have. I didn't come here to do a monologue — somebody else say something.

CARROLL: ...

GOODWIN: Uh... I was going to ask you—

GROUCHO: It's about time. Would you pass me the pumpernickel? Since nobody is polite enough to do that. Typical newspapermen.

GOODWIN: Probably not a week goes by when at least one or two of your movies aren't shown somewhere. In the Bay Area...

GROUCHO: This is true.

GOODWIN: And I just wanted to know if you get any money from these showings.

GROUCHO: Yes, we get some money from some of the pictures. We own a piece of some of them. Fortunately, the good ones.

GOODWIN: Which ones are those?

GROUCHO: Night at the Opera, Day at the Races, Go West, Room Service. And I did the quiz show for 14 years. That's a long time.

GOODWIN: We all grew up with it.

GROUCHO: I might do it again.

GOODWIN: Really?

GROUCHO: Yeah, I'm getting bored by not working.

ALTMAN: How do you spend most of your time now?

GROUCHO: Boring other people. Like you. I read a lot.

CARROLL: Before the movies, when you were on Broadway, what was it like?

GROUCHO: Vaudeville. First we were in vaudeville, small-time vaudeville, where there were rats in the dressing rooms. Frequently, it was the manager.

CARROLL: What lured you away from Broadway and out to Hollywood?

GROUCHO: Paramount offered us more money than we could afford to reject. We went there and we did five pictures.

GOODWIN: Did you have a fair amount of control over those pictures, or did you have a director telling you what to do?

GROUCHO: There were directors on them. We had a few good directors — Norman McCloud was a good director. Leo McCarey was a very great director. We had some terrible directors.

CARROLL: Like who?

GROUCHO: It's a long list of mediocrity — I can't remember at the moment.

ALTMAN: Which film was your favorite?

GROUCHO: Duck Soup, Night at the Opera and Day at the Races. Some of them were terrible. To us, not to the audience. The kids, today... I get more fan mail now than I did when I was at the height of my career.

GOODWIN: Why do you think kids love your movies so much? A lot of other old films, nobody wants to look at anymore.

GROUCHO: They're not about anything, most of them. I thought ours were generally about something.

GOODWIN: What were they about?

GROUCHO: They were attacking the contemporary establishment of those days. We did a picture called Duck Soup which was about monarchy. We did a funny picture about a school, and we certainly satirized the opera in America. So I think our pictures were about something, whereas in most cases — Harold Lloyd, Keaton and those fellows — they weren't about anything, they were just trying to be funny. We were trying to be funny, but we didn't know that we were satirizing the current conditions. It came as a great surprise to us.

ALTMAN: How do you feel about the establishment now?

GROUCHO: I think it's hopeless. This whole gang in Washington, at least half of them are thieves — I don't think there's any question about that. Every day you read about it. Look at the tolerance that Johnson gave to Bobby Baker, who's now in jail. This goes on all the time. The only honest senator I ever knew was a fellow named Williams, from Delaware.

CARROLL: John Bell Williams.

GROUCHO: I had a lot of correspondence with him.

CARROLL: How did you and Mr. Williams get started?

GROUCHO: I just wrote him and told him how much I admired his integrity, and that there should be more people like him. He finally quit. Not from the correspondence — I think he had had it. But he was an honest man. Look at the Speaker of the House, McCormack... he stole everything before he left. And they gave him a bonus besides, because he didn't steal enough.

CARROLL: Some incredible pension, \$50,000 a year for an office and a secretary.

GROUCHO: He was just an illiterate old Irishman who didn't know anything.

ALTMAN: Do you think there's any hope for Nixon?

GROUCHO: No, I think the only hope this country has is Nixon's assassination.

GOODWIN: But then we've got to deal with Agnew.

GROUCHO: Well, I mean it would be near the end of the term. Agnew won't run again, I don't think. But I think Muskie is a good man. The trouble is when you run for important office, you have to promise so much, and you have to obligate yourself so much. To everybody. In Illinois, in Chicago, in Maine, North Carolina, no matter where you are — if you just move in without any friends, you just can't get elected. You have to obligate yourself in some way to get to that office. I think the other guy, McGovern, is a joke. The mere fact that he's against the war is not enough. He says he's been against the war for three years. So what? I've been against the war since the first war with the Kaiser, but that doesn't qualify me in any way to run for the Presidency.

WAITER: Do you want me to bring you a little menu up here?

GROUCHO: As bad as the food is, I think we ought to eat something.

WAITER: OK, I'll bring the menu.

CARROLL: How involved were you in the writing of the pictures?

GROUCHO: I've always been a writer. I wrote five books. One is in the Congressional Library in Washington: "The Groucho Letters."

GOODWIN: Do you think there'll ever be a second volume of that?

GROUCHO: I don't know. The cast I had in those days was pretty good: T. S. Eliot, Thurber, Fred Allen. I spoke at Eliot's funeral, you know. His wife asked me to. A very dull, blonde, middle-aged woman.

CARROLL: That seems to be true of a lot of very talented men — their wives seem to fade into the background.

GROUCHO: Because, as a rule, a young fellow marries a girl to go to bed with her. This is the normal procedure. I did that three times, with very beautiful girls. When the beauty started fading, there wasn't any reason to stay married. The sex stimulant was gone.

ALTMAN: What about companionship?

GROUCHO: For that you need a different kind of girl — you don't necessarily need a girl with big tits. You need a girl that normally you wouldn't marry, or you wouldn't try to lay. But if a fellow gets both, he's a very fortunate man. If he gets a woman that he enjoys sitting with and talking to, and she understands what he's saying, he's a lucky fellow. You see, I don't believe there's such a thing as love. I believe two people can like each other, and I think that's much more important than love. Love just means going to bed and fucking. You can get that anywhere, if you're young and partially attractive.

ALTMAN: Did you ever fall in love, in your youth?

GROUCHO: I always thought I did, yeah. So I paid three alimonies. And I look at those women and I wonder, "What did I see in them?"

CARROLL: Are you still friendly with them?

GROUCHO: Yes, I took my ex out last night for dinner. I like her, but I don't want to go to bed with her. The charm of that is gone. She would like to go to bed with me, but I have no interest in her that way. As you get older, your interest in laying a dame disappears. I've three or four girls that I take out now. They're all young, but bright.

CARROLL: Do they understand what you're saying?

GROUCHO: They do, but I don't.

GOODWIN: If I had a nickel for every time I've done the "Party of the first part, party of the second part" routine, I'd be a rich man today.

GROUCHO: But I wouldn't be around you. Yeah, that's a good scene, a good satirical scene about a contract.

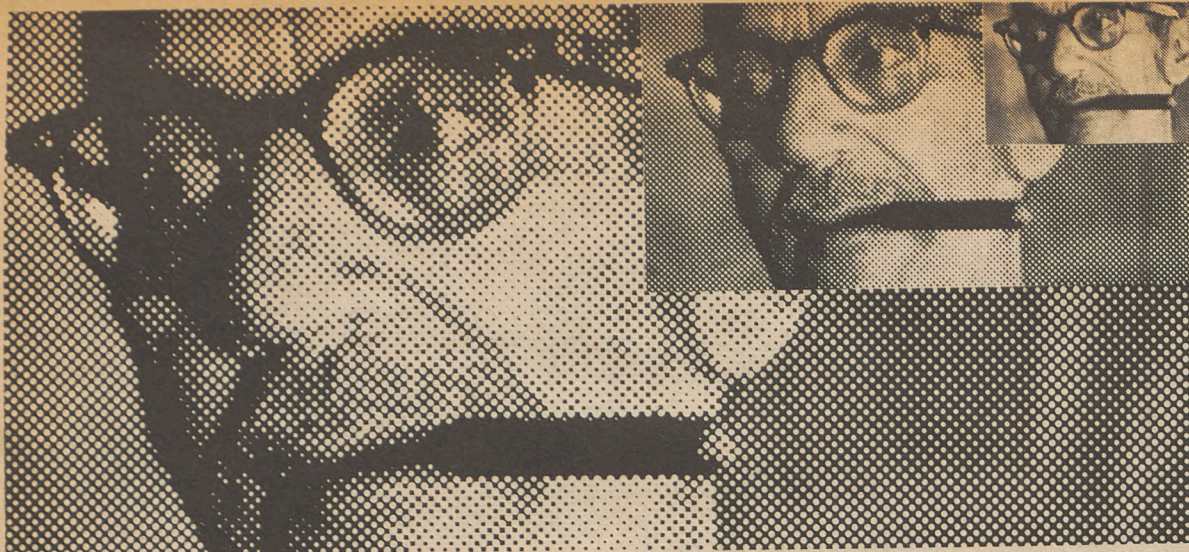
GOODWIN: You destroy language in the process of it. The language starts out meaning something, but by the end of the scene it's gibberish, it descends into total anarchy.

GROUCHO: Yes. As I remember, I was standing on someone's body, just with one foot like it was a barroom, while I was doing that scene with Chico.

GOODWIN: I was curious how you see the films now, in retrospect.

GROUCHO: A scene that I like is the scene in Animal Crackers where a painting

(continued on the next page)



had been stolen, and Chico and I pulled up a couple of chairs and said, "Let's see if we can figure this thing out, where the painting is." He said, "How are you gonna do that? We have no house." I said, "We'll build a house. This'll be your room here, and this'll be my room, and this'll be the maid's room." And he said, "You mean I'd have to go through the maid's room in order to get to your room?" It was kind of a Lewis Carroll scene. We had a fellow named Morrie Ryskind who had a Lewis Carroll quality about him. He could take lunacy and build it up.

(The waiter arrives with a large menu, hand lettered on a large square of cardboard, which he props up next to the table.)

GROUCHO: (to the waiter) How long did it take you to paint that?

WAITER: A little lentil soup today? Soup of the day?

GROUCHO: Maybe a little fish...

WAITER: Lentil soup. No mercury.

GROUCHO: That's your story. How do you know there's no mercury?

WAITER: We got that new thing, that thermometer thing.

CARROLL: What do you do, stick it in the fish and it tells you how much mercury there is?

WAITER: No...

GROUCHO: They lie, they just lie about it, they're good at it. If you don't believe so, look at those prices. This menu is as permanent as the pyramids. (peering at it across the table.) You know, unless you can see well it's advisable not to come in here at all. I can't see a goddamn thing.

WAITER: We've got all kinds of hamburgers.

GROUCHO: At least you've got the courage to call it what it really is.

WAITER: No, it's great, it really is. Done with sauteed onions, served with french fried potatoes and a broiled tomato. It's very, very good.

GROUCHO: I know a fellow who always eats pancakes stuffed with crabmeat.

WAITER: That's the madras, that's very good also.

GROUCHO: Nunnally Johnson.

WAITER: Oh yeah. He was here two days ago.

GROUCHO: He was, huh? The sonofabitch, he never even asked me.

CARROLL: Well, if it's good enough for Nunnally Johnson it's good enough for me.

ALTMAN: I'll have the avocado and crab.

GROUCHO: (to Goodwin) What are you having?

GOODWIN: I think I'll have a hamburger.

GROUCHO: It's not hamburger, it's Salisbury steak.

GOODWIN: OK, in that case I'll have the Salisbury steak.

GROUCHO: They charge you an extra dollar for that. Well, it's up to me, huh? Has the business fallen off in the last six months?

WAITER: Not at all.

GROUCHO: Of course you're lying.

WAITER: No, no, seriously. Sometimes I wonder why myself.

GROUCHO: I'm going to have the steak tartar. It's the most expensive thing I see on there.

WAITER: Would you like everything in it? Anchovy?

GROUCHO: Well, put something in it. And I'd like some salad.

WAITER: (leaving) OK, thank you.

GROUCHO: You will be back?

CARROLL: Didn't S. J. Perelman write for you?

GROUCHO: Not a great deal. There's a strange thing about that man. When he was riding high on the New Yorker, and anybody asked him if he'd worked with the Marx Brothers, he'd say, "A little bit, not very much." Now that he isn't so successful anymore, and his name isn't front page, when he gives an interview he says, "Oh yes, I wrote pretty near all of two of their movies." Which is a goddamned lie. As a matter of fact, he worked in conjunction with four other writers, and he wasn't very good for us.

GOODWIN: Why not?

GROUCHO: He wasn't a dramatist. He could write funny dialogue, but that's very different from writing drama. For that we needed a different kind of writer, like Kaufman and Ryskind, who won the Pulitzer Prize for *Of Thee I Sing*.

CARROLL: Did you write most of *Animal Crackers*?

GROUCHO: No, we had Kaufman and Ryskind. I added stuff to it, but every first-class comedian is supposed to be able to do that. Otherwise you're just a schlump, you're not a comedian.

GOODWIN: Well, you didn't have anyone writing your material on the quiz show, did you?

GROUCHO: Oh no, that was just adlib.

GOODWIN: Yeah, and that stuff was as funny as anything in the films.

GROUCHO: Well, that's easy for me.

GOODWIN: Did you have any favorite types of people for the quiz show?

GROUCHO: I didn't care. I never met them before I encountered them on the stage, 'cause that inhibited me. The first three weeks I met them before the show and talked to them. And I said, "I don't want to do this any more—I want them to come out as a surprise. If it's funny, fine. If it isn't, we'll take it out."

CARROLL: Did you devise that...uh...duck?

GROUCHO: No. You'd be surprised how many people come up to me in the street and say, "Hey, what'd you do with the duck? And what's the secret word?" And it was a long time ago. That's why I'm tempted to go back and do it again, because there seems to be a lot of eagerness to see this again. The quiz show ran 14 years.

CARROLL: Even in re-runs, I used to see—

GROUCHO: (to Carroll) Are you a girl?

CARROLL: Am I a girl?

GROUCHO: Yeah, a girl.

CARROLL: No, I'm not a girl.

GROUCHO: I thought it was about time we settled that.

CARROLL: Are you talking about my hair?

GROUCHO: No, it was the moustache. Will you pass the pumpernickel, please?

GOODWIN: I get the impression that you don't approve of long hair and beards.

GROUCHO: I'm indifferent to it, I don't really care. If a young man wants to wear a beard and a moustache... Why do you wear it? Is it a revolt against the establishment?

GOODWIN: Well...no. I just like the way it looks. And it's less trouble to shave in the morning.

GROUCHO: Do you think the average girl prefers a man with a beard?

GOODWIN: The girls that I know do.

GROUCHO: Are they all degenerates?

ALTMAN: In your day, Harpo had longer hair—

GROUCHO: No, he wore a wig.

ALTMAN: But still, that was the appearance he gave to the public.

GROUCHO: But he had no beard, no moustache.

GOODWIN: You have a moustache. You have a famous moustache.

GROUCHO: Yeah, I had.

CARROLL: When did you stop painting it on and start growing it? And why?

GROUCHO: During various periods of my life I got bored with it, and I'd shave it off, paint one on... How many books of mine have you read?

CARROLL: Two. "The Groucho Letters" and "Groucho and Me."

GROUCHO: Well, "Groucho and Me" is really autobiographical.

CARROLL: Yeah, well I'm asking a lot of questions that I kind of already know the answers to because they might be interesting for the interview. There are also a lot of Marx Brothers stories that I'm unsure are true or not. For instance, the thing about... whose office was that? I think it was at MGM, where he kept you waiting, and you went into his office and—

GROUCHO: Thalberg...

CARROLL: And took off all your clothes? And built a fire?

GROUCHO: We were young then.

CARROLL: For the same reason that you did that, perhaps, that's why we're wearing beards. One of the reasons, anyway.

GROUCHO: Insurrection?

GOODWIN: On a psychological level.

CARROLL: Yeah, right. It's kind of a way of saying to people who care about that kind of thing that we care about it too—that we don't happen to believe the particular line of bullshit that they're handing us.

GROUCHO: Funny, how the styles change.

CARROLL: I've always been curious about what you said to T. S. Eliot, and what T. S. Eliot said to you, when you had dinner together.

GROUCHO: Well, we spent a long evening talking. I don't remember...

CARROLL: About literature? About movies?

GROUCHO: He wanted to talk about the movies, and I wanted to talk about his writing. And that's the way the evening went.

GOODWIN: Have you managed to hold onto enough money so you don't have to worry?

GROUCHO: Yeah. As a rule, I don't answer any questions as personal as that.

GOODWIN: Well, I figured if you didn't want to answer it you just wouldn't answer it.

GROUCHO: Suppose I asked you how much money you had?

GOODWIN: In my pocket right now?

GROUCHO: No.

GOODWIN: Well, I'll tell you.

GROUCHO: But I'm not interested.

CARROLL: That's why we're interviewing you and you're not interviewing us.

GROUCHO: Well, so far all I've had is two slices of pumpernickel.

GOODWIN: We're doing our best.

CARROLL: Honest to God, they promised us steak tartar.

GROUCHO: You notice what they thought of you—look where they put you.

GOODWIN: It's Carroll's fault, he didn't wear a tie.

GROUCHO: Really? Was that the reason?

CARROLL: Yes, and—

GROUCHO: That's kind of ridiculous today. Why should they care if you're wearing a necktie? I come in here without neckties, wearing a turtleneck, and they never say anything to me.

CARROLL: That's what I said, in fact. I said, "Mr. Marx said he was wearing his turtleneck, isn't it all right for me to wear my turtleneck?" And they said, "If you sit upstairs."

GROUCHO: It's childish.

GOODWIN: I always figure that if a restaurant has dress restrictions, the food isn't as good as it might be.

GROUCHO: The food is good here. And expensive. As your editor will find out when he gets the bill.

GOODWIN: Why can't they make funny movies anymore? What did you have that they don't have?

GROUCHO: Well, to begin with we had talent. Then we had very good writers. And we spent a year on each picture. Elliott Gould has just made four pictures in five months. How can they be any good? Especially since it's just two people in bed fucking. It takes more than that.

GOODWIN: Still, even the films that are supposed to be funny—like *Catch-22*—just don't make you laugh. When I see a Marx Brothers movie I come out with my sides hurting a little bit, and the muscles in my face all tired from laughing.

GROUCHO: You should take a doctor with you.

GOODWIN: It doesn't reach the point of pain, usually.

GROUCHO: But don't you know them so well by this time that there's no more laughs left in them?

GOODWIN: Absolutely false. I must know nearly every shot in them, and I still roar with laughter. The conceptions are so beautiful that the element of surprise becomes less important. The sequence at the end of *Duck Soup*, where with every cut you go through a whole set of costume changes.

GROUCHO: You mean in the war?

GOODWIN: Yeah. I know it's coming every time I see the film, and I still love it every time.

GROUCHO: Half the time I didn't know which side I was fighting on.

CARROLL: That's what was nice about it.

GROUCHO: The kids are very smart. They've caught all these things. That's why I get so goddamn much fan mail. And I'm not crazy about that, because Harpo and Chico are gone, and I'm the only one left who can write. They couldn't write when they were living.

ALTMAN: Why did you stop making movies?

GROUCHO: Lazy. I don't need it. I don't need the money.

GOODWIN: Don't you feel any responsibility to your fans?

GROUCHO: Not at all. If they don't like you, they can forget you in 15 minutes.

GOODWIN: But they haven't forgotten you.

GROUCHO: I know, but I'm enough of an actor to know. I've seen too many actors who were stars, and if you mention their names, people say, "What? Who?" You must have no respect or liking for your audience. It's enough that they amuse you. Let 'em do that.

WAITER: One hamburger. (He presents it)

GROUCHO: That's all you brought, one hamburger? For three people?

WAITER: That's it. You'll have to share it.

GROUCHO: No wonder the chicanos are in trouble. I always thought that was a town in the Midwest.

WAITER: Who gets a nice tartar here?

GOODWIN: Mr. Marx.

GROUCHO: A man of my age with raw meat. Well, I don't eat this often. You know, I have a two o'clock appointment with my doctor. If I get there at 2:15 I'll still be alive.

GOODWIN: Many people who look at your films now see elements of surrealism and dada in them.

GROUCHO: It's kind of an LSD effect I guess.

GOODWIN: That wasn't exactly what I meant. I wondered whether, in 1935, the names Coteau or Jarry would have meant anything to you?

GROUCHO: At that time, all I was reading was the New York Journal, with editorials by William Randolph Hearst. Why is the pumpernickel always over there?

GOODWIN: Well, why don't we put it over here, where you can reach it?

GROUCHO: Cause I'm the only one who's eating it. Anybody want any of this salad?

GOODWIN: So you say you weren't influenced by the classic surrealists, eh?

GROUCHO: I had never heard of them in those days. I was too busy making a living in vaudeville.

CARROLL: Of your whole life in show business, was that your favorite time, when you were in vaudeville?

GROUCHO: I ate in cheap restaurants, lived in bum hotels, boarding houses...

CARROLL: And yet there's an atmosphere of half-glamour, half-nostalgia for vaudeville.

GROUCHO: Au contraire. I was crazy about earning money and living well.

GOODWIN: Always?

GROUCHO: As soon as I found out it was better than being poor.

GOODWIN: Then you weren't at all interested in art?

GROUCHO: Not at all. Not in the pictures nor on the stage. I think I was a natural comedian, and I enjoyed doing that.

CARROLL: Did you ever think when you were doing it, even privately, that it was art?

GROUCHO: I thought I had a good racket going. No, I never thought of it as art. I don't think the word art, which happens to be my son's name, has ever come up in my thoughts or my conversations. I didn't think there was any art involved. We were trying to be funny, and we were getting very good money for it.

CARROLL: Well, now that there's a vast body of literature dedicated to the proposition that the movies were art, have you changed your mind?

GROUCHO: No, I still feel the same way. I think we were very lucky that, with a limited amount of talent, we fooled the public successfully for many years.

GOODWIN: But weren't they worth coming to see?

GROUCHO: I didn't think so—I wouldn't go. Oh, I like some of them. I'll never forget: I think the best picture we made was *Night At the Opera*. We previewed it in San Francisco; and in those days they used to give the customers cards on which they would write what they thought of the picture. And one card we got just said, "Youse guys are fulla shit." Now do you expect me to have any respect for that, and call it art?

GOODWIN: Did you think he was right?

GROUCHO: Of course not, I thought it was a great picture. Best picture we ever made.

ALTMAN: Did you have a good time making it?

GROUCHO: Sure, we were fucking the girls on the set and in the dressing rooms—at that time I was in my thirties.

GOODWIN: What do you think of the current state of films these days?

GROUCHO: I liked the Jack Lemmon picture where he was trying to get to New York, and the things that happened to him—*The Out Of Towners*. And I liked *Lovers and Other Strangers* pretty good. I was unimpressed by *Catch-22*. I didn't think that they got that book at all. *M*A*S*H* I found kind of rowdy and funny.

GOODWIN: Did you see *A Hard Day's Night*?

GROUCHO: I saw all the Beatles' pictures, which I thought were bad imitations of the Marx Brothers. I was in London at the time those pictures came out, and I said, "No, these guys haven't got it." I was talking to their director, a guy named Lester, who came from Philadelphia.

GOODWIN: What did Lester have to say to you? That he stole all your stuff?

GROUCHO: I don't remember. I told him I thought it was a poor imitation. There was a composite something about the Marx Brothers pictures that made them so appealing, and what it was I don't know.

GOODWIN: I think it was a combination of irreverence and intelligence. The combination is rare.

GROUCHO: I'm so close to the Marx Brothers pictures that it's hard for me to assay them, or judge them. I'm glad that the kids like them, and that they're so popular now.

GOODWIN: You may have to end up accepting the opinion of the critics, that whether you intended them to be art or not, they came out that way.

GROUCHO: It was just luck. I didn't know that the youngsters were going to take these pictures up, and that we would become kind of movie gods to these kids. I was over at somebody's house the other night, and there were three girls there. Two of them were 16 and one was 18. And I looked in the other room where they were, and they were playing some Beatles records, and imitating me walking up and down in the room! It struck me so strange. And these weren't

jerks, these were bright girls.

GOODWIN: There are many occasions when it seems like the only appropriate response to some aspect of the universe is to do a Marx Brothers line, or a Groucho walk or an eyebrow number. It's hard to explain why. Maybe it's the way we participate in—

GROUCHO: I think it was... like the kids are wearing beards and smoking stuff that they shouldn't smoke... I think our pictures were a protest, although we weren't aware of it, of the current situation. Today's establishment. Murder at Kent State, and those kind of things.

GOODWIN: I'm not quite clear on how you could have made pictures that were protests against the establishment without knowing it.

GROUCHO: I was very dumb. I'm not too bright now, either.

GOODWIN: Well, what did you think you were doing?

GROUCHO: Making jokes.

GOODWIN: But the jokes had to come from somewhere.

GROUCHO: Oh, I knew my way around a joke. It's like a guy who builds a cement wall, he knows how to do it. I never had any writers, except in the movies. And then I had the best: Kaufman and Ryskind. Matter of fact, I had dinner with Morrie Ryskind the night before last. Brilliant guy. He now does a column on the Hearst paper.

CARROLL: Have you ever written a regular column?

GROUCHO: No. I've had chances to, but I don't want to take that on. I wrote a lot of magazine pieces years ago. I'm lazy. You see, the thing that makes most people work is money.

CARROLL: But now you want to get back into the quiz show, and you don't need money.

GROUCHO: That's fun. I could do that with you right here and now, with no preparation, because I'm good at it.

CARROLL: Is that how they were done? You would just appear at the studio without any preparation and they threw these people at you and you did what you wanted with them?

GROUCHO: No, I would know what category, perhaps. They would tell me, "You're gonna have a plumber on the show tonight," or maybe a housewife or a civil engineer or something. And you'd have some basic questions, like, "Are you married?" "Are you single?" "Do you believe in marriage?" These kind of questions. And from that, I would light off usually into my own. I'm sure... well, I'm not comparing myself to Lewis Carroll, but I'm sure that's the way he worked.

CARROLL: Oh, I think it's a very fair comparison.

GROUCHO: It's a kind of lunacy.

CARROLL: Yes, you start from what appears to be an extremely rational premise—

GROUCHO: That's true.

GOODWIN: And degenerate into anarchy.

GROUCHO: The contract scene is a really ludicrous scene. It winds up with, "There ain't no Santa Claus."

CARROLL: But it starts out as—

GROUCHO: A logical piece of writing.

CARROLL: Right. Two people talking about a contract.

GOODWIN: How about the scene where you and Harpo are on opposite sides

on an empty mirror frame, and Harpo is pretending to be your reflection? That was stolen from a classic German act that Leo McCarey had had in the back of his mind for years.

GOODWIN: It was McCarey's idea?

GROUCHO: Yeah.

CARROLL: I had thought you had been doing that scene for years, and so had developed the timing to the point where it was perfect.

GROUCHO: No, we rehearsed it one Saturday morning and shot it.

GOODWIN: How long did you have to rehearse it?

GROUCHO: Oh, I think we did it for about an hour and a half.

CARROLL: Who did the staging? For instance, the stateroom scene in *Night At the Opera*?

GROUCHO: Sam Wood was the director, but Thalberg was actually the boss. Sam Wood would shoot a scene, we'd look at it the next morning in the projection room, and Thalberg would say, "I don't like it, let's shoot it over again today." He had the kind of money and control that he could say that.

CARROLL: Was he usually right?

GROUCHO: Invariably. I think he was the most outstanding producer this town ever had. They built a whole building and called it the Thalberg Building.

GOODWIN: Whose idea was the stateroom scene?

GROUCHO: As a matter of fact, it was my modesty that was responsible for the scene. We had a scene where a guy was driving me on a truck, on which there was a huge trunk, and I was sitting on top of it singing *Pagliacci*. So we came to this room, which was just a little larger than this table, and the porter put the trunk in there. But I couldn't get in the room. So one of the authors said, "Take your clothes off." I said, "No, I won't do that." "Why not?" "I've never taken my clothes off on the stage, or in the movies, and I don't intend to do it now." "Well, we have no scene if you don't take your clothes off." I said, "I think we do."

I had a date in the room that night with this big dowager. So we close the door, and I'm in the room with the trunk, and I start singing "Oh For the Open Highway." Then I open the trunk, and in there is Harpo, Chico and Allen Jones. Now there's four of us in the room, and I'm trying to get them out of there because I have a date with this dame with the big tits. But they don't want to go out, they want something to eat—they hadn't eaten anything since they were on the boat. They were stowaways. So I send for the waiter and we have this scene...

GOODWIN: Where more and more people pile into the stateroom.

GROUCHO: And Chico kept adding, "And two more eggs." "Three more eggs." He'd ordered about 40 eggs. And more people came in. At one point a plumber came in and shouldered his way through—there were now seven or eight people in this tiny stateroom. He said, "Did you send for a plumber?" and I said, "Come right in, I'm sure there's something needs fixing here." And then other people came in, and finally a manicurist came in. Which was my favorite line of the whole scene. She said, "You sent for a manicurist?" and I said, "I certainly did."

COUNTERNOTES

MARDI GRAS - Creedence Clearwater Revival - (Fantasy)

Creedence is still in a state of transition. Things aren't quite as disoriented as on their previous LP, Pendulum, which was an experimental mess. In that album, the group was reacting to the criticism that they couldn't do anything but guitar, bass, and drums Bayou Rock. In Mardi Gras they are reacting to the criticism that CCR is only John Fogarty.

There are times here when you will wish that CCR were only J.C. He has attempted to make the band more of a democratic institution, but the music has suffered a bit. There are three songs by bassist Stu Cook with him singing lead, two by drummer Doug Clifford, and one Cook-Clifford collaboration. They are all fairly good rock songs, but none shapes up to the best of John's material. They would sound much better in the context of a lesser band. Each has some promise, though; "Someday Never Comes" is great, "Lookin' For A Reason" is a pleasant country song, with John on pedal steel, but it's not as ambitious as his earlier stuff. His great single from last summer, "Sweet Hitch-Hiker" is here, the only vestige of the old Creedence sound.

Personally, I think that all these problems are going to be taken care of, and Fogarty will feel a little more comfortable and less tyrannical about taking the lead. Anyway, it's nice to see that a 12 year-old band is still together and still feeling growing pains.

SCRAPS - NRBQ - (Kama Sutra)

I had given up NRBQ for the dead until a couple of months ago when I learned that they were touring and about to release a new LP. Just staying together through all the shit they've been through is amazing. Three years ago at this time, Columbia, their former employer, was putting out a lot of hype saying they were the "new Beatles." When that didn't work, they decided to put them in the studio with Carl Perkins. The result wasn't particularly noteworthy. Not long after that they were busted in New York State. The hits just keep on coming. Except on records.

So now they're back. Perhaps they never left. The personnel has changed some, including the addition of Al Anderson of Wildweeds. Their hair is shorter, and the album cover depicts a pair of beat up, torn rock and roll sneakers. The music is delightful. There is no rock and roll revival bullshit about this. "Howard Johnson's Got His Ho-Jo Workin'" is just as funny and rocking as its title implies. Also in that vein is "Who Put Garlic In The Glue." There are no deep meanings in their lyrics, but neither are they trite. They have an easy, understated way of expressing things. In "Magnet"; "You're like a magnet, I'm like a piece of wood," and "I'm like a Commie, you're like the FBI." Some of the music, like "Ain't It Right," "Don't Knock At My Door," and "Howard Johnson's" is pretty powerful while there is also a lot of easy, smooth rock, like "Magnet," "Only You," and "Boys In The City." NRBQ has grown a lot, relaxed a lot, and has given us an altogether enjoyable rock and roll album.

FOG ON THE TYNE - Lindisfarne - (Elektra)

There are not many groups like this. Lindisfarne is an intensely British band who are not afraid to show their roots or sound British. It's refreshing to hear singers who don't try to cover up their native accents. The band is basically acoustic, although not dull, America-like acoustic, but bold, vibrant, happy acoustic. They are a rowdy drinking band who sings about being carefree, in "Together Forever" and "Meet Me On The Corner," with its breathy harmonica. The title track is a study in alliteration with lines like "Sittin' in a sleazy snack bar suckin' sickly sausage rolls." They sing "The fog on the Tyne is all mine," which is a nice philosophy if you can live with it, I suppose.

Lindisfarne is not particularly ambitious in its music or lyrics, but it is not trying to shove anything down your throat, either. I must admit that I didn't much care for the album the first time around, but gradually, irresistible things like "Together Forever," "Meet Me On The Corner," and the banging cowbells and chorus of "Fog On The Tyne" pulled me in.

By the way, Lindisfarne is the first British band to be produced by Bob Johnson, who produced Dylan, Cash, and normally will not associate himself with losing projects. I think you'll find Lindisfarne worth it too.

SILVER PISTOL - Brinsley Schwarz - (United Artists)

This band, named after their lead guitarist, is evidently unshakeable. Just two years ago they were the subject of one of the most incredible hypes given to a band, or at least a British band. They were booked into the Fillmore East, and a number of the members of the British rock press were flown in from London for the event. The whole affair was a miserable failure for the band and the guests. The band returned to England heavily in debt. It has taken them a while to recover, but they've stayed together through it all. (Their second album, recorded after the Fillmore Fiasco, was called Despite It All.)

Silver Pistol is their third album and the effects of the hype backfire are readily apparent. Brinsley's first, pre-hype album was a very good British rock effort full of solid material. Although I've heard very little of the second, the new one seems like a radical departure from the band's earlier style. They are now a laid back country band; too laid back in fact. It's so damn down home that it gets boring. It was recorded at their communal home in the British country side; on "Egypt," which was recorded in the garden, you can hear a dog barking in the background. They are heavily into country Dylan and the Band; bassist Nick Lowe is particularly obsessed with Dylan, one listen to "The Last Time I Was Fooled" or "Merry Go Round" will tell you that. I'd say that if you can get a hold of their first LP, on Capitol, you'd be a lot better off than investing in Silver Pistol. Brinsley Schwarz is still getting it together and it shows.

SAILIN' SHOES - Little Feat - (Warner Brothers)

This, Little Feat's second album, is mighty strong evidence that their music is the hope of the rock of the seventies. Comprised mainly of ex-Mothers of Invention, LF possesses a deadly weapon in songwriter-guitarist-lead singer Lowell George, who has composed nothing but classics for Sailin' Shoes.

Lowell and the band have created songs which people can relate to, but with themes which are not trite or the same old workhorses. George paints a telling picture of frustration in "Trouble": "You yelled hey when your car wouldn't start/so you got real nervous and started eatin' your heart out." Sound like someone you know? How about yourself? He's also got the "Apolitical Blues," and "it's the meanist blues of all." In "Willin'," which George wrote and recorded on their first album with slide guitar backing from Ry Cooder and had covered by Seatrain, he uses Sneaky Pete's pedal steel guitar to drive home the trucker's

powerfully vivid, beautiful lines "I've been from Tucson to Tucumcari/Tehachapi to Tonopah." Notice how he doesn't use names of well known cities, but colorful and rhythmic names. The band cooks like mad all the way through, wildly pounding out heavy items like "Tripe Face Boogie" and "Teenage Nervous Breakdown," and going lighter on the title cut, with its "lady in a turban and a cocaine tree."

Sailin' Shoes is an amazing portrait of life in the 1970's, an album on which pain, pleasure, fear, paranoia and escape all have their day. It's nice to have some thought and meaning behind rock music and Little Feat's got plenty.

POWERGLIDE - New Riders of the Purple Sage - (Columbia)

LAST OF THE RED HOT BURRITOS - Flying Burrito Brothers - (A&M)

Last September, in these pages, I said that the two bands who were keeping the country music scene alive and growing were the New Riders and the Flying Burrito Brothers.

Now, it's almost summer and there're new albums for each. Powerglide has proven me right so far, but Last Of..., their parting shot, shows that the Burritos didn't get much accomplished in the year since their last album and their recent breakup. The New Riders have done an album which is at least as good as their first, mainly due to its diversity, with Dave Torbert sharing lead vocals with Marmaduke, and the recording of rock and roll along with country. The Burritos' album is, unfortunately, something which we don't particularly need. It doesn't furnish us with many memories of how good the band was. It was recorded live, with the group's most recent personnel, featuring fiddler Byron Berline, and it's mainly a serving of country and rock standards like "Six Days On The Road" and "Orange Blossom Special," plus old Burrito originals like "Devil In Disguise" and "My Uncle." It's all done well enough, but it's not an album you'd keep coming back to. As for the current status of the band, Chris Hillman and Al Perkins are in Stephen Still's temporary Manassas group, and Rick Roberts, whose songs were the highlight of their previous album, will soon cut a solo LP.

The New Riders' new one is a treat to the ol' ears, though. There's lots of smooth country ballads like "Dim Lights, Thick Smoke (And Loud, Loud Music)," and "Runnin' Back To You," country tunes with a bit more bite like "Contract" and "Sweet Lovin' One," and rock and roll, even with everybody's favorite "I Don't Need No Doctor" (Torbert luckily tries to be neither Ray Charles or Steve Marriot) and "Hello Mary Lou." The two standouts, though, are a jamming version of Johnny Otis' "Willie And The Hand Jive" and "Duncan And Brady," where Marmaduke sings in a sniveling, ornery voice, like a Montana prospector on his last legs, about "shootin' a man jes' to watch him die."

Ironically, the two aforementioned tunes sound a lot like Claude Jones, "Duncan And Brady" has the same intro as Claude's "Snakebit," plus the "Highway 61, King Of Slang" whistle; and "Willie And..." is done much the same way Claude did "Not Fade Away." I hear tell that Powerglide is on the victrola as background music for the goings-on at Big Lizzy's Rabid Black Cougar saloon, which is altogether fitting.

WILD TURKEY - (Reprise)

A Wild Turkey

CAT MOTHER - (Polydor)

Cat Mother has now made three good, essentially different albums, and that's more than you can ask of most groups these days. Their switch from the New York City Street Band of the first album to the laid back, countrified Marin Co. music of the second album has been neutralized here, with rock winning out over country.

There's a new guitarist now, Charlie Pritchard, and he's good, but the man who moves the album is organist Bob Smith - whose playing is impeccable - and who's also responsible for the lead singing and song writing. The latter fact, however, is the album's glaring weak spot. I cannot recall hearing such bland, inconsequential boring lightweight lyrics on a rock album; especially in relation to the quality of the music. They are just too horrible to believe. "Greenwood Shuffle" is a fine organ dominated tune marred by lyrics like "I'll tell you what we're gonna do/we are gonna take a little trip down to the city to find out what's really really new." Likewise, "She Came From A Different World" is a powerful song with towering lead guitar, but the subject matter, about picking up an innocent looking girl at a party, hardly fits the musical background. The guy offers "We can check out my stash" to which our girl from a different world answers "Well to tell you the truth I'm lookin' for a place to crash." Rhymes, huh? The whole album is full of such pearls. The lyrics to "Trials And Tribulations" and "Love Until Your Heart Breaks" are just innocuous enough to get by. Strangely, the only decent lyrics come on "Ode To Oregon," which was written by bassist Roy Michaels.

If you can ignore their lyrics, the music is great. "Greenwood Shuffle" and "Letter To The President" really rock, "Heebie Jeebies" is a great instrumental (they'd do well to record some more of them) and "Love Until..." is a neat extended song featuring percussion by Steve Davidson. My advice to Cat Mother is keep on rocking, but find someone who can write lyrics before the situation gets too embarrassing.

Bruce Rosenstein

rape of the lock

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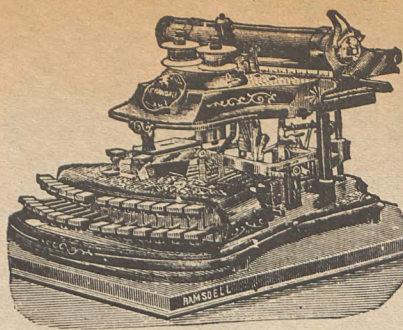
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BOOKS

THE CREATIVE EXPERIENCE Ed. by STANLEY ROSNER and LAWRENCE E. ABT. Delta, 399 pages, \$2.95 (paper).

Reviewed by Judy Willis

This is the first book I picked up after finishing Germaine Greer's *THE FEMALE EUNUCH*, so I came to it with my "consciousness" not merely raised, but tumescent.

THE CREATIVE EXPERIENCE contains interviews with 23 artists and scientists, whom the psychologist-editors deem creative. Only one of the 23 is a woman, and she's in guess what? - fashion design.

The editors, no doubt, agree with Photographer Edward Steichen when he says: "I don't know whether anything I've done can be called creative. Some people might call it that, but the little woman who goes along for nine months - that's creation!"

You can tell Steichen's never been pregnant, all right. That's how come he can sit there in his falsely modest superior tone and romanticize about it. This "little woman" has gone along for nine months, and it was the least creative thing I've ever done. Being pregnant is passive. The procreative act (aka fucking), in which both men and women take an active part, now that's creation! But nine months of just sitting there? Never.

While mentioning biases, I better add that about half - and maybe more - of those interviewed are Jewish. That I don't mind so much, cause I am too. But I still wonder how representative it is considering the ceiling of the Sistine Chapel, the Mass in B Minor, "Godspell" and all those Christian literary allusions I never could get.

None of the 23 creators is black. At least they don't look it in the photos accompanying each interview.

To the editors' credit, there is a disclaimer in the introduction saying that when the persons nominated by Albert Rosenfeld, former science editor of *Life*, and Clement Greenberg, "noted" art critic, either couldn't or wouldn't participate in the interviews, others were chosen. However, Rosner and Abt continue: "The editors themselves... must bear the full responsibility for the final choice of those interviewed and included in this work... the roster of those who responded to our invitation is impressive and speaks for itself."

I remained impressed with the editors' either not being able to find or not even thinking of looking for, at least one or two more women and maybe a token black.

Yes, I'm being facetious, but have you noticed particularly on television where you can see everything as plain as night that when they hire a woman it's almost always a black woman. Sometimes you can learn something by watching the 11 o'clock news, you know? Now why do you suppose they do that - hire a woman who's black whenever they're under pressure to hire more women? Too bad there isn't a larger population of black Jewish women; that'd solve all our problems, wouldn't it?

I didn't really mean to stay so long on this but I haven't rubbed your nose in it long enough yet. I can understand that the editors of *THE CREATIVE EXPERIENCE* might not have been able to find too many female composers (their choice was Aaron Copland), or women in mathematics (Morris Line), medical sciences (Wilder Penfield), molecular chemistry (Paul Saltman), architecture (Ulrich Frazen), and philosophy (Sidney Hook). And even astronomy and physics (Harlow Shapley, whose creativity led him to go on record in the early 50's as being in favor of allowing to be printed only those scientific hypotheses approved by a government-sanctioned professional organization), biology and genetics (H. Bentley Glass), and sculpture (Robert Engman).

But how about archeology and anthropology (Froelich G. Rainey), behavioral sciences (David Krech), linguistics (Noam Chomsky), social sciences (Arthur Koestler), cinema (Sidney Lumet), crafts (Oppi A.J. Untracht), photography, (Edward Steichen), and theatre (Neil Simon)?

And what about choreography and the dance (Merce Cunningham), fiction (Issac Bashevis Singer), and poetry (Seldman Rodman)?

And how's that for sneaking all the interviewees' names in?

Except one: Fashion designer Bonnie Cashin, who mentions that her father advised her to become a typist.

Although it's a white Jewish male chauvinist book, *THE CREATIVE EXPERIENCE* does offer some insights into how and why individual creative persons do what they do. But here, again, I don't agree with the conclusions of the editors, who, being behaviorists, would have us believe that because 23 artists and scientists have a, b, and c in common we can therefore say that artists are a, b, and c. I wouldn't believe that even if they interviewed two million "creators." I ain't no rat. And even if I am, what's it prove? Even if I agreed that artists were a, b, and c, of what use would it be? Could you make (for) me an artist?

In their attempts to fit the responses of their 23 rats into bell-ringing categories, the editors have no qualms about manipulating - or is it just plain misunderstanding - the rats' squeals. For example, the editors say that "The desire to prove that one is making a significant contribution to the world... is important to creative people." Now I don't really have any quarrel with this hypothesis. But in trying to prove it true, the editors refer to statements by Singer that "If I don't write it, no one else will... Only I can write that particular story," by Engman that he needs to control his materials, and by Steichen that photography should not try to copy painting, but should fulfill its own potential as an art form. To me, in the context in which they were made, these statements do not show a desire for fame, fortune and immortality, but rather are statements of the relationship which the artist feels he has to his art and, in the case of the Steichen statement, the function of the art itself.

To end it all, the editors devise a ridiculous creativity diagram. But maybe you and I can try to disregard it and concentrate, instead, on the interviews themselves. Almost all of them are interesting. Some of them offer stunning glimpses into the personalities of well-known, or at least accomplished, artists and scientists. My favorite interviews were those with Singer, Copland, Steichen, Lumet, and Cunningham.

Answering a question about "accidents" in art, Lumet says this about his directing in the final scene of "The Pawnbroker":

continued next page

... in the script... it had a 'happy ending'... he had a great burst of protest against all that life had been; he tore the shop apart... and walked away from it. I thought that it was bull-shit, that kind of Jimmy Cagney 1930's fake explosiveness. To me the essence of that man... the essence of [his] coming alive again lay in his willingness to... reopen himself to pain... to take a step to it, toward it voluntarily. I didn't know what I was going to do about that moment... I remember that I asked the prop men for a spike without having any idea that I was going to do [the ending]. I said 'I want bills put on a spike on the side.' That's because I've always seen that in that kind of shop... When the idea for the shot occurred to me... I realized I had been establishing it all during the picture.

THE GERMAN LESSON by SIEGFRIED LENZ

Hill and Wang, 471 pp., \$8.95 (cloth).

Reviewed by Bill Garrison

The German Lesson may be a good book for certain people and special occasions. Certain people relish books which surround them with a thicket of world-blankets, narrative, step-by-step books which describe a time and place in minute detail and never surprise you. Certain occasions demand books which take time to read, which seem fuller than their pages and turn days into evening sea breezes. But if you and your circumstances are not so certain you may find the book much like an army blanket on a warm summer night.

Lenz has an old fashioned story with a moral to tell, a story about a duty-defined cop and an equally obstinate painter brought into conflict in backwater, wartime Germany. The painter is banned from his work by the Nazis and the cop is ordered to enforce the ban. Painter won't quit so...

Perhaps so that the story will not seem quite so simple, Lenz adds a layer of complication by having the story told by the policeman's youngest son, then another layer by having the son write the story after the war while in an institution for juvenile delinquents. (Siggi, the narrator, turns 21 while behind bars.)

Minor complications crop up here and there. The life of Jepsen, the policeman, was saved by the painter when they were both children in the same village.

Lenz can do one thing with language. He is a landscape painter with words. Lenz lovingly depicts the area of Rugbull, a hamlet on the seacoast of Germany in every season and in every weather. He makes a true gift of the land and the sea, dike and pasture, bog and beach. The translators, Ernst Kaiser and Eithne Wilkins, must have enjoyed working on the descriptions. But, excepting Siggi, all of Lenz' characters are treated as landscape. Though they are described meticulously, they seem to remain lifeless, like people in picture postcards, existing only to give proportion to the magnificent vista. So the main conflict, the core of the story, suffers.

The German Lesson is not likely to excite you or turn your head around, but, considering the hardbacks you can buy for around the same price, it gives you a lot for your money if you need to fill a lot of time.

WORKIN

Mike Hogan

5/14/72 Let's see, oh yeah, Crampton Auditorium, Howard U. Well, it should've been a very fine evening what with Gil Scot-Heron, Gato, and Leon Thomas as main attractions and, up to a point, it was. After Scot-Heron's nice, simple set, with his vocals out in front of a small back-up band, Gato came out with his own several piece band and smashed into a few rousing numbers (sounding like his Third World album) in which he blew long flowing sax lines counter to the chaotic wall of sound that the rest of the group structured behind him. Then came the transformation. Gato's music seemed to lose its drive and attractiveness as he slowed things down to occasionally insert vocals. It then occurred to me that what he was doing was along the lines of a jazzish Jr. Walker and the All Stars. As a result of losing its lively pace his set slipped painfully into an overly long status and dropped the fate of the evening into Leon Thomas' hands. [Have you heard that yodeling/yell type of thing Tim Buckley does? Well, he picked it up from Thomas, who doesn't apply it to yelling.] Unfortunately, by the time Thomas arrived on stage the damage to the chances of having a totally enjoyable evening was pretty much irreparable. The agonizingly draggy pace of the evening plus Gato's overly drawn out set, plus a stuffy hall due to insufficient air conditioning all added to Thomas' set, which under the circumstances was very boring, caused me to completely forget my usual practice of not walking out in the middle of a performance.

5/15/72 There's something appealing about a guy who gets up on stage and plays the guitar while being backed by a bassist and a saxophonist and by virtue of his body movements, facial expressions and general carriage makes me think it's really Liza Minelli masquerading as David Bromberg. Liza, er, David, who has a better than average first album out, has a very entertaining way of blending his sense of humor with his music, witness "You've Got To Suffer To Sing The Blues" and "The Holdup," and by his next visit he should be a headliner instead of an opening act.

Surprisingly, no one suffered a fatal overdose of tacos, fried rice and egg rolls at Cheech and Chong's opening night "party" which confronted an eager audience with a genuine pair of freak comedians. Like many other comedians with albums, the duo's club language is much more graphic than that on their record [which, come to think of it, isn't a necessary censorship considering Zappa's recorded rages.] but the best part, obviously, is the visual high of actually seeing their characters, like the aged bluesman, Blind Melon Chitlin', singing about his ding dong and wheezing on his mouth harp.

I was also amazed to hear that their LP has been awarded a gold album since comedy albums are notoriously poor sellers.

5/16/72 Up until the Van Morrison show I had generally good feelings about concerts at Constitution Hall. Most of it was due to the calibre of headline performers that have appeared there (Cat Stevens, Joni Mitchell, John Sebastian, et. al.). Some of it was due to the relatively high quality level of opening acts, (Fat City, Jackson Browne, John Prine, etc.) which is surprising since promoters are

often trapped into booking a usually mediocre opening act in order to get a desired headliner. But unfortunately, while it was a nice string while it lasted, it was bound to end eventually - whoever produced the Morrison show got burned with Chris Smithers who, other than being a fairly skilled guitarist - and skilled guitarists are a nickle a dozen - has very little to offer in the way of talent or originality.

Morrison was as puzzling as ever - a moody Virgo who can cause you to be as angry as you are happy with him. The happy came about as his latest band danced thru song after superbly arranged song of old and new material despite the annoying echo which insisted on turning the sound back on itself a second or two late. Morrison's bands are as noted for their individual ability and collective tightness as his songs are for their structure and feeling and the two components blended together by the Belfast Cowboy makes for some of the finest music to come out of rock 'n' roll.

The angry evolved from Morrison's implying that the show might be halted if pictures continued to be taken. The thing is, even after the warning photos were still being taken and the band managed to survive so the flash of nasty was misplaced and needless. That, plus the fact that Morrison felt the need to blend into (or hide behind, depending on where you were sitting) his backup chorus ruffled a few tailfeathers, but as always, his music shines on brightly whether on record or in concert.

Oh yeah, if, by chance, you were impressed by the band's tenor sax player wailing on two horns simultaneously, turn yourself on to an album called Natural Black Inventions by Rahsaan Roland Kirk who handles up to three instruments at a time plus various percussion instruments with his feet. It will amaze.

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ARTISTS AND CRAFTSMEN will be able to exhibit their work at the Grok concerts this summer. **WOODWIND** will sponsor an arts and crafts exhibit at each of the five free concerts which are co-sponsored by Summer-In-The-Parks and the New Era Follies. The concerts will be held at P Street Beach on alternate Sundays beginning in July. Food and beverages will also be available, with the proceeds going to the performing rock groups. If you would like to exhibit your work at the concerts, call **WOODWIND** at 965-9650.

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A **CRAFTS HOUSE** with studio space and retail facilities will be opened shortly in a five-story building across from the National Archives at Indiana and Seventh Streets, N.W. Promoter Dominick Cardella says that studio space is still available on the second and third floors. He has let 200 square feet on the second floor to leather craftsmen for \$75 a month, and says other rents will be comparable. Cardella also says the 1200 sq. ft. basement will be suitable for sculptors or other hard craftsmen after the floor is lowered to compensate for the 5½ ft. ceiling. If a group of about eight sculptors or other hard craftsmen chip in a little over \$100 each to lower the floor, Cardella will let them have the basement rent-free for a year. Other plans include outdoor art shows on the 30 ft. wide brick sidewalk in front of the property, and a 1400 sq. ft. retail salesroom on the main floor. House craftsmen will receive 80 percent of the retail selling price, Cardella says. For more information, you can reach Cardella at 244-6628.

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FREE & SWAP is the name of a project of the Media Services Division of Federal City College designed to move media from the "media-rich" to the "media-poor." If you have a pile of unwanted books, pamphlets, magazines, records, cassette tapes, films and any material on Black people, contact Veronica Reeves, 425 Second Street, N.W.; phone 727-2624. The project plans to set up free media distribution racks at a number of points in the inner city.

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JASPER JOHNS REVISITED is the second birthday celebration exhibit at the Fendrick Gallery. The Fendrick opened publicly two years ago with a Jasper Johns exhibit. Beginning May 30 and running to the end of June, the gallery will show a group of recent Johns lithographs including a new suite from the Gemini workshop in Los Angeles. Other prints will be drawn from the Fragment-According to What series Johns produced at Gemini last year. Also shown will be Decoy, probably the single Johns print most in demand the last two years.

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ONE - OF - A - KIND Swedish textiles will be on view at the Renwick from June 10 through July 30. The exhibit will include woven tapestries, wall-hangings, patchwork, fabric collage, stitchery, and plaiting by about 20 of Sweden's foremost artists and craftsmen. It will be the first exhibit from a foreign nation at the Renwick, which is the only Smithsonian facility to allocate gallery space for exhibits from other nations.

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PORTRAITS OF PRESIDENTIAL LOSERS are on exhibit at the National Portrait Gallery through September 4. The show of portraits of unsuccessful presidential candidates will include a voting booth where visitors may cast ballots for their favorite "loser" in the upcoming presidential election. The gallery points out that one-third of the country's presidents were also defeated for that office. On view will be portraits of loser Aaron Burr by Gilbert Stuart (1794), loser Thomas Jefferson by Saint Memlin (1804), and approximately 80 others.

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NATIONAL ENDOWMENT FOR THE HUMANITIES sixth annual report, printed on recycled paper, is available from GPO Superintendent of Documents, D.C. 20402 for \$1. The report includes information for applicants, financial reports, a summary of grants and awards, and a list of the 653 grants made during 1971. The document number is 3600-0009.

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SHAKESPEARE QUARTERLY will be published by the Folger Shakespeare Library under an agreement reached recently between the Shakespeare Association of America and the Folger, and subject to the approval of New York State, where it has been published since 1950. The new editor will be Dr. Richard J. Schoeck, Director of Research Activities for the Folger Shakespeare Library.

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GREENWOOD, a collection of radio plays, short stories, poetry, and other articles, is available at the Community Book Store and the Discount Book Store for \$1. According to Michael Lydon, who brought the copies of **GREENWOOD** here from California, this is the first and only time the "magazine" will be published. Lydon says that he got the money to print the newspaper-size collection from 30 helpful friends. He's been selling the magazine as he travels across the country, and says he hopes we like it.



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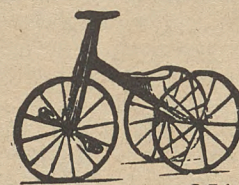


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MUSIC

Susan Cohn

There's quite a bit of musical talent in the Washington area, most of it hidden in the colleges, and one is aware of it only when a faculty member chooses to give a recital. Monday, May 15th, another bit of talent appeared, this time in the guise of Dona Zurfluh, a faculty member of the Northern Virginia Community College in Annandale.

Mrs. Zurfluh, a spinto soprano (heavier-voiced than a lyric soprano) who studied at Skidmore and Eastman, performed only contemporary music, including that of Mahler, Wolf, Copland, DeFalla, Barber, and Menotti, and this selection was perfect for showing off Mrs. Zurfluh's precise enunciation and excellent intonation. Her voice is full, yet clear, and her projection of the meaning of the words is more than adequate. Her accompanist, Kathy Johnson, is a fine pianist, giving the music what it required, yet never overshadowing the singer; I would like to hear Ms. Johnson in a solo recital.

The most interesting work on the program, perhaps for the novelty of the text, was Barber's *Hermit Songs*, a collection based on the writings of 9-11th Century Irish monks. Some of these songs are no more than two lines; one in particular, "The Monk and His Cat," a longer and an exceptionally well-composed work, would make a charming recital number on its own. (This set of monks' pieces made me wonder if anyone had composed a cycle on the *Canterbury Tales*. This set would probably have to be performed in stages, like Wagner's *Ring*.)

It was a fine recital, a solid musical performance. If for nothing else, Mrs. Zurfluh should be thanked for singing clearly and precisely on pitch: there is nothing worse than mumbled, off-key contemporary music. But there is more to thank her for than just that.



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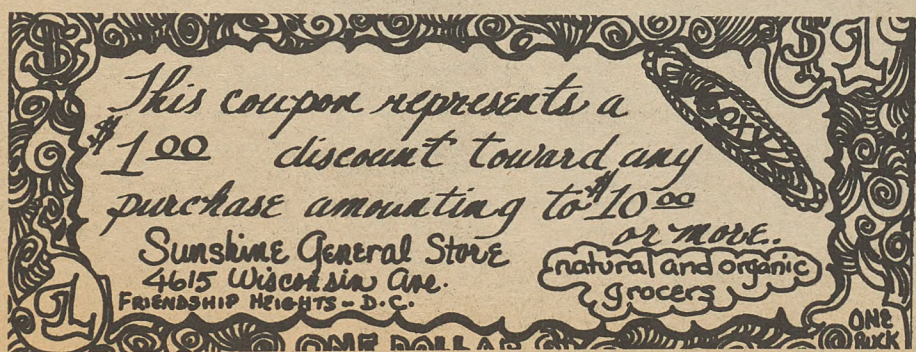
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W N O W T A K E

ROLLING STONE/APRIL 2, 1970

Film Notes

Andy Warhol and Paul Morrissey now have four issues out of their excellent "monthly" film journal *Interview*, which features reviews, articles and interviews surrounding the latest commercial releases, as well as occasional forays into the underground: it seems impossible to find on the newsstands, but single copies and subscriptions are available from Andy Warhol Films, 33 Union Square West, New York, NY 10003 (35¢ per issue, \$3.50 for 12).

The quality and range of English language periodicals devoted to cinema has dramatically increased of late, and here are some lively new additions to the scene. Take One, a Canadian monthly with strong political tendencies (documentation on the HUAC Investigations of Hollywood, or on the New Cuban Cinema, for example) and fresh filmic convictions (Andy Warhol and Kenneth Anger are taken as "seriously" as Arthur Penn or Alfred Hitchcock, and even Frank Zappa is interviewed on his film work): only 25¢ a copy or \$3.00 a year from PO Box 1778, Station B, Montréal 110, Canada.

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JUNE 5-10

John Prine
also **Bonnie Koloc**

COMING ATTRACTIONS

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June 19-24 COUNTRY JOE McDONALD
EUCLID McPHERSON
June 26 - BILL WITHERS
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CALENDAR OF DELIGHTS

WEDNESDAY MAY 31

Music

Wet Willie plus Diana Davidson, Cellar Door, 333-5865
The Four Lads, Stardust Inn, Waldorf MD, 843-6233

Films

Years of Lightning, Day of Drums, AFI 8pm, 554-3000
The Big Country & Vera Cruz, Circle, 337-4470
Tokyo Story, (opens), Inner Circle
Samuri, Part II, Duel at Ichijoji Temple, Janus 2 332-8900

Events

Poetry and Jazz, The Iguana Coffee House, Luther Place Church, 1226 Vermont Ave., NW, 667-1377
Folk Revival-Song Swap, Folklore Society, 1814 N St. NW, 8pm, 426-5510

THURSDAY JUNE 1

Music

Wet Willie plus Diana Davidson (see May 31)
The Four Lads (see May 31)
Monty Alexander, Blues Alley, 337-4141

Films

Red Sun, special preview w/ actor Alain Delon in person, AFI Mission to Moscow & The Manchurian Candidate, Circle
Samuri, Part III, Musashi and Kojiro, Janus 2

FRIDAY JUNE 2

Music

Wet Willie plus Diana Davidson (see May 31)
The Four Lads (see May 31)
Monty Alexander (see June 1)
Gladys Knight and The Pips, Kool and the Gang, the Dramatics, the Stylistics, Constitution Hall, 8pm & 11pm \$4.50 - \$6.50
Roy Clark, Kennedy Center Concert Hall, 254-3600

Films

The Apartment, AFI 8pm 554-3000
In The Heat of the Night & The Kennel, Circle, 337-4470

Events

Poetry and Jazz (see May 31)

SATURDAY JUNE 3

Wet Willie plus Diana Davidson (see May 31)
The Four Lads (see May 31)
Monty Alexander (see June 1)
Jerry Butler, Brenda Lee, The Persuaders, Eddie Daye, The Ascots, Constitution Hall, 9pm \$4.50 - \$6.50
National Symphony, James de Priest conducts Tchaikovsky, Kennedy Center Concert Hall

Films

Witness for the Prosecution AFI, 8pm
The Producers & Bedazzled, Circle

Events

Poetry and Jazz (see May 31)
WAFU Coffee House, Grace Church, 1041 Wisc. Ave. NW 387-5437



WET WILLIE, CELLAR DOOR

SUNDAY JUNE 4

Music

Monty Alexander (see June 1)
The Porter Wagoner Show, Watermelon Park, Berryville, VA 1-6pm
Fernando Astilleros, flamenco guitar, National Collection of Fine Arts 2pm, 381-5911

Films

The Jokers w/ Director Michael Winner in person, AFI, 8pm 554-3000
Her Majesty, Love & Cain and Mabel, Circle, 337-4470

Events

Art On The Mall, Exhibits on Reflecting Pool Sidewalk of Lincoln Mem. 1-5pm 426-6700
Bluegrass/Folk Jam Sessions, Red Fox Inn, 4940 Fairmont Ave. Bethesda, 3-8pm 652-4429
Hootenanny, Cellar Door, 337-3389

MONDAY JUNE 5

Music

JOHN PRINE, Cellar Door, 337-3389
Monty Alexander, (see June 1)

Films

The Lost Weekend, AFI, 8pm 554-3000
Now Voyager, & Mildred Pierce, Circle, 337-4470

TUESDAY JUNE 6

Music

John Prine (see June 5)
Don Rickles, Peggy Lee, Shady Grove Music Fair, 926-2100
National Symphony, DePriest conducts Brahms, Kennedy Center Concert Hall, 254-3600

Films

One, Two, Three, AFI, 8pm
Sweet Smell of Success & Inherit the Wind, Circle

Events

WAFU Coordinating Meeting, 8pm, 1724 20th St. NW 387-5437

WEDNESDAY JUNE 7

Music

John Prine (see June 5)
Monty Alexander (see June 1)
Don Rickles, Peggy Lee (see June 6)
National Symphony (see June 6)

Films

The Spirit of St. Louis, AFI, 8pm 554-3000
Onibaba (Washington Premiere), Night of the Living Dead, Freaks, Circle, 337-4490.

THURSDAY JUNE 8

Music

John Prine (see June 5)
Monty Alexander (see June 1)
Don Rickles, Peggy Lee (see June 6)

Films

Animation: How They Did It, AFI, 3:30 & 8pm 554-3000
Onibaba, Night of the Living Dead, Freaks, (see June 7)

Events

Poetry and Jazz (see May 31)
American Indian Craft Fair, Kay's Krafts, 121 S. St. Asaph, Alex. 9am - 9pm, 683-7411

FRIDAY JUNE 9

Music

John Prine (see June 5)
Monty Alexander (see June 1)
Don Rickles (see June 6)
Ferlin Husky, Stardust Inn, Waldorf, MD 843-6233

Films

Animation: The Anatomy of Humor, AFI 3:30-8pm
Onibaba, Night of the Living Dead, Freaks (see June 7)

Events

Poetry and Jazz (see May 31)
American Indian Craft Fair (see June 8)

SATURDAY JUNE 10

Music

John Prine (see June 5)
Monty Alexander (see June 1)
Don Rickles, Peggy Lee, (see June 6)
National Symphony, Isaiah Jackson conducting Kennedy Center Concert Hall, 254-3600

Films

Animation: Dots, Lines, Curves, and Angles 3:30; Sex, Violence, & General Bad Taste, AFI, 8pm 554-3000
Onibaba, Night of the Living Dead, Freaks (see June 7)

Events

Lecture on Contemporary Swedish Textiles, Renwick Gallery, 3pm
WAFU Coffee house (see June 3)
Poetry and Jazz (see May 31)
American Indian Craft Fair (see June 8)
7th Annual Bluegrass & Folk Festival, Culpepper, VA

SUNDAY JUNE 11

Music

Don Rickles, Peggy Lee (see June 6)
Led Zeppelin, Balto. Civic Center (301)-685-7282
National Advent Choral Society, Kennedy Center Concert Hall

Films

Animation Characters: A Family Album, AFI 3:30-8pm
Onibaba, Night of the Living Dead, Freaks (see June 7)

Events

Art On The Mall (see June 4)
Bluegrass/Folk Jam Session (see June 4)
Hootenanny (see June 4)
7 Annual Bluegrass and Folk Festival (see June 10)

MONDAY JUNE 12

Music

Stan Getz, Cellar Door, 337-3389
Redd Foxx, Desmond Wilson (Sanford&Son), Shady Grove, 926-2100

Films

Stalag 17, AFI, 8pm, 554-3000
Onibaba, Night of the Living Dead, Freaks (see June 7)



1776, NATIONAL THEATRE

GALLERIES

OPENINGS

Corcoran Gallery - Norman Rockwell and a Century of American Illustration, Opens June 3, Tues-Sun 11am-5pm 17th St. & NY Ave.
Renwick - Swedish Textiles, Opens June 10, Daily 10am-5:30pm 17th St. and Pennsylvania Ave. NW
Artists' Mart - Group show featuring jewelry by Joan Morgan, opens June 1, 1361 Wisconsin Ave. NW
Emerson - Paintings and drawings by Joseph Shannon and Peter DeAnna, opens June 1, 1437 Emerson Ave. McLean
Fendrick - recent works by Jasper Johns, large monographs by Matt Phillips, opens June 1,
Franz Bader-recent paintings by Frances Ferry, opens today, 2124 Penn. Ave. NW
Galerie Jaclande-Watercolors by Ruth Noordhoff, opens June 1, 6869 Springfield Blvd., Springfield, VA
Jacob's Ladder-Group show of guest artists, opens June 1, 5400 Wisconsin Ave. NW
Jefferson Place-Wood sculpture by Jennie Lee Knight, landscape and figure drawing by Andrew Hudson, opens today, 2144 P St. NW
Spectrum-Group show, 3033 M St. NW
Talking Of Michelangelo-Group show of student intaglio print-makers, 655 C St., SE

CONTINUING

Studio Gallery-Cosmic Art by Peter Ruhe, 1735 Conn. Ave. NW
Apogee-Oils and graphics by Everett Adelman, 7355 Wisc. Ave. NW
Argel-"Ceremonial Art of the Huichol Indians, 1843 S St. NW
Art Barn-Works of 11 Washington Artists, Beach & Tilden Sts in Rock Creek Park
Arts Club of Wash.-Paintings by R. Horst, 2017 I St. NW
Art League-Sculpture by Retha Gambaro and serigraphy by Aldra Sirott, 315 Cameron St. Alex. Va.
Art Patch-Recent paintings by June Adams, 6071 Brookfield Plaza Springfield, VA
Brazilian-American Cultural Institute-Anodized paintings by Betty King, Suite 405, 4201 Conn. Ave. NW
Down East Gallery-Paintings by Edward Fenimore, 2140 Cathedral Ave
Dupont Art Gallery-Paintings by Wm. Henry Smallwood, 1332 Conn.
Folger Library-"Things" by Robert Conroy, 3rd. and E. Capitol SE
Frames of Reference-Oscillantes sculptures in metal, 128 King St. Alexandria, Va.
Gallery 8400-Works of Susan Middlema, 8400 Conn. Ave. NW
Goldman-"Woman of Valor" paintings and sculpture, 6125 Montrose Rd. Rockville, MD.
Henri Galley-Sculpture by Gerald Crimmins, 1500 21st. St. NW
Henri II-Paintings by Garry Rich, 1875 Conn. Ave. NW
Hodges-Oils and watercolors by local artistw, 520 N. Washington St. Alexandria, Va.
I.F.A. Gallery-Recent sculpture by Elliot Offner, 2623 Conn. Av. NW
Lunn-Etchings and lithographs by Lars Bo. 3243 P St. NW
Pyramid-Drawings by Anne Truitt, photos by John Gossage, 2121 P St. NW
Showcase Gallery-Group show, Wshington Theatre Club, 1101 23rd St. NW
Smith-Mason Gallery-group show of five artists, 207 R.I. Ave. NW
Venable-Paintings by Moise, 1625 Conn. Ave. NW
Balto. Museum of Fine Arts-Women artists of the 20th Cent., Art Museum Drive, Balto. MD
Museum of African Art-"African Art in Washington Collections", 316-318 A St. NE
National Collection of Fine Arts-J. Alden Weir, an American print-maker, folk paintings by Jennie Cell, 9th St. between F & G Sts. NW
National Gallery of Art-The Art of Wilhelm Lehmbruck, watercolors by Paul Cezanne, 6th St. & Constitution Ave. NW
National Portrait Gallery-"If Elected. . ." Unsuccessful candidates for the Presidency, F and 8th Sts., NW
Phillips Collection-Paintings by Pulian Alden Weir, 1600 21st. St. NW



HARKNESS BALLET, KENNEDY CENTER

THEATRE

OPENINGS

Bernstein's "Mass", Kennedy Center Opera House, Opens June 5
Lady Audley's Secret, Washington Theatre Club, Opens May 31

CONTINUING

1776 [Reviewed this issue] National Theatre
Play Strindberg, Olney Theatre, Olney, MD
Godspell, Ford's Theatre
Tricks [Reviewed this issue] Kreeger Theatre of Arena Stage
The Firebugs [Reviewed this issue] Back Alley Theatre
Feiffer's People, Theatre Lobby
The Marquise, Kennedy Center's Eisenhower Theatre

CONCERTS ON THE EAST COAST

June 2-4 Bluegrass Bonanza Shocase; Indian Springs Campground, MD
June 3 First Annual Bluegrass and Old Time Fiddler's Convention; Veterans Mem. Park, Mt. Airy, N.C.
June 4 New Riders of the Purple Sage, Carnegie Hall, NYC
June 10-11 7th Annual Bluegrass and Folk Convention, American Legion Grounds, Culpepper, Va.
June 11 Tri-State Gospel Singing Convention, Big Stone Gap, Va.
June 16-17 Country Music Hoedown, Marion, Va.
July 4 Rolling Stones at RFK Stadium w/ Stevie Wonder & Martha Reeves
July 5 Rolling Stones at Scope, Norfolk, Va.
July 14 Chicago, Nassau Coliseum, Uniondale, Long Island, NY